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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR 1995

Sport 96

David Davies reports on the US PGA from Kentucky. Mike Selvey reports on the Test match from Headingley. Paborsky: Prague to the Premiership.

HG Wells and the truth about aliens. Review. Plus: Suede returns, James Wood on Nabokov, Larry Clark's Kids.

One dead, 66 injured in crowded commuter train Emergency workers free trapped passengers

Trains collide in 'blinding flash'

Safety fears focus on sell-off

David Connott, Rebecca Smithers, Paul Brown and Vivek Chaudhary

AT LEAST one woman died and 66 people were injured, four seriously, when two trains collided head-on last night. Emergency services fought to release as many as 40 passengers who were trapped inside one carriage after the crowded 5.04 from Euston to Milton Keynes commuter train collided with an empty passenger train south of Watford Junction in Hertfordshire.



Rescue workers at the crash site south of Watford Junction in Hertfordshire. Forty trapped passengers had to be released from a carriage after the rush-hour collision

40 people in it. They could not get out but very soon firemen were there helping them. A Health and Safety Executive spokesman said two inspectors from Her Majesty's Railway Inspectorate had been sent to the scene. Watford general hospital said later it had admitted 55 people in roughly equal numbers of men and women. Ten were expected to be kept in overnight, three with 'major, multiple injuries', and seven with broken limbs. The rest had minor injuries.

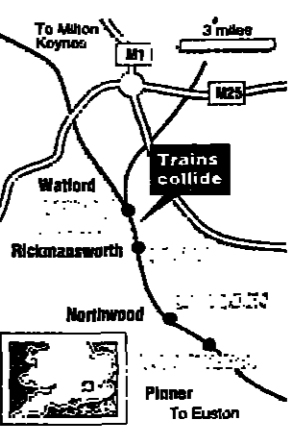
Heimel Hempstead hospital had four casualties with minor injuries and was expected to take more. Although the cause of the accident was unclear last night, fresh questions will be asked about whether the break-up of the rail network for privatisation played a part. Labour's transport spokeswoman, Glenda Jackson, said: "It is too early to comment until we know the cause of this tragic accident. We hope there will be a full and thorough inquiry."

serious disruption over the last year, with speed restrictions in place on both North London Railways and the West Coast main line because of the poor condition of the track. The main rail union, the Rail, Maritime and Transport Workers' union, warned earlier this year that the section of track running through Harrow and Wealdstone station would "collapse" unless urgent repair work was done. Herts police spokesman Superintendent Paddy Flavin, confirmed at least one person had died. Later the figure for injured was given as 66.

Half a mile away they were able to climb down into a Tesco supermarket car park and then walk into the crowded store. Some were still bleeding from injuries and the coffee-shop staff used ice cubes and first-aid kits to treat them until ambulances arrived. Razwan Shaw, one of the store's staff, said: "They were dazed and just wandered in in groups. "We ran out to meet some and they just kept coming. Some were bleeding but most were just shocked and dishevelled. Some of the commuters were still carrying their briefcases."

First I thought the cables had just fallen then I heard a bang and saw one train on top of the other. There was hardly anyone about and then lots of people started coming out of their houses. His friend Jamie King, also 15, said: "We heard a bang and there was smoke everywhere. It looked as if the cables had just fallen but then we looked up and the two trains had gone into each other."

Both trains were moving quite fast towards each other. Then there was the most almighty crash and there were sparks and smoke and wires everywhere." Mary Hefferman "I thought one of the carriages was coming into the garden, but it stopped in a precarious position on its side." Gerry Lowe "I saw two men coming out of the train. There was blood all over their faces." Selcuk Ongun



Spin victory for Prescott 67 dead, 40 missing in flood

David Hencke, Suzanne Milne and Rebecca Smithers JOHN Prescott, Labour's deputy leader, yesterday finally won a battle to silence Peter Mandelson, one of the "people in the dark" who provoked the latest outburst from maverick shadow cabinet colleague Clare Short. Mr Prescott, in charge of the party while Tony Blair is on holiday, said he, rather than Mr Mandelson, head of the media unit, should handle the rift caused by their colleague's criticism that Mr Blair's advisers could lose Labour the election. Mr Mandelson, meanwhile, was briefing reporters on the "insignificant" of Ms Short's attack. Mr Prescott was keen to be seen to refute one of Ms Short's key points - that Mr Mandelson was too influential in presenting Labour to the media. Mr Mandelson, while continuing to brief, last night seemed to be conceding he must be seen to defer. Ms Short's interview, which appeared in this

Mr Prescott had to cancel his return to his constituency to respond when the BBC reported Ms Short's attack on the Nine O'Clock News. He did not speak to Mr Blair until last night, when a decision was taken not to sack Ms Short from her new job as overseas development spokeswoman. Shadow cabinet colleagues were yesterday furious about some of Ms Short's comments about Mr Blair's aides and her description of the shadow cabinet as "boysy". One condemned her comments as "an egotistical outburst. It's not as if she's ever joined in when some of us needed her during meetings, when there were things we were not happy about. No one has the luxury of saying exactly what they want to."

THE DEATH toll in the Spanish Pyrenees campsite disaster rose to 67 last night with more than 40 holidaymakers still missing. Torrential rain sent an avalanche of water, mud and rocks sweeping through the site, wrecking cars, caravans and tents in minutes. More than 150 people, including at least three Britons, were injured at the Virgen de las Nieves - Virgin of the Snows - resort near the mountain town of Biescas. Rescue workers found some bodies 10 miles from the camping area and officials feared more could still lie downstream in the River Gallego. The remains of mangled cars and flat-

tened caravans were carried half a mile in the torrent. As water and debris engulfed the site, which had been filled to capacity with 700 tourists, some holidaymakers saved themselves by clinging to trees. Antonio Espinosa described how he gave up helping others and saved his own life. "I ran to try to help a girl. But a time comes when it's either you or them. I got out alive, but I don't know what happened to the girl." Briton Barry Copestake, aged 49, who was injured with his wife Andree, aged 47, told ITN: "The torrent came down and just took the car and swept it away... we were upside down in the water for 400 metres and eventually we came to a standstill. Andree was trapped and eventually rescued."

Another survivor said: "It began to rain like we'd never seen before. We managed, with the water up to our waist, to reach the toilets and climb on to the roof that saved us." Disaster struck at about 8pm on Wednesday. A storm was expected but no one predicted the flood. The Spanish Prime Minister Jose Maria Aznar, who interrupted his holiday to survey the damage, said: "I have flown over the area - it's a dreadful sight." King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia flew to the disaster area from their holiday palace in Palma de Mallorca. Twenty-eight of the dead had been identified last night, all Spanish. German, French and Belgian holidaymakers were thought to be among the victims. Adrian Cox, a spokesman for the British consulate, said that at least 14 Britons were at the site.

Pyrenees disaster, page 7

Inside Ossie Clark, who revolutionised fashion in the '60s, has been found stabbed to death in his London council flat.

World News Russian president Boris Yeltsin takes the oath of office in the Kremlin today amid concern about his health and his broken promises.

Finance Police raided the country homes of the two owners of the Winchester Commodities Group as part of an inquiry into alleged fraud.

Sport Pakistan were 281 for 6 in the second Test after Dominic Cork put England back into the match with two crucial wickets. Sport96.

Obituaries 10 Comment and Letters 6 Review Quick Crossword 11 Radio, TV and Weather 12

Advertisement for American Express Travellers Cheques To Go, featuring a man in a uniform and the text 'GET YOUR AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELLERS CHEQUES To Go. AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELLERS CHEQUES ON THE SPOT AT LLOYDS BANK. Travellers Cheques Lloyds Bank'.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including page number 37 and various small text fragments.

Sketch

Bare bottoms put bums on seats



David Ward

JUST across the way from a stand dedicated to the needs of learners of Welsh, a man wearing not much more than a truss and cloaked in a flowing white sheet was suspended 15 feet above the ground at the end of a thick rope.

At this year's National Eisteddfod, a peripatetic celebration (with Druids) of Welsh language and culture, there has been a bit of a punch-up about the alleged anglicisation of Radio Cymru. But the man in the sheet prompted no linguistic controversy because he and his colleagues from the Brith Gof theatre company were saying nothing.

Someone said the silent dangle was part of a play in 112 acts spread across 28 hours during the eight days of the festival, held this year at Llandello in south Wales on a site below the castle home of Rhys ap Gruffydd, promoter of the first eisteddfod in 1176.

As the play progressed enigmatically, some of Wales's finest bardic poets were being figuratively trussed up across the field in the packed literary pavilion. This monoglot's translation machine was giving off noises similar to the sound of low tide at Aberystwyth so a devotee in the queue explained that it was a competition for three teams of four. The rules were very strict, with metrical and syllabic constraints as tight as the black bands biting into the dangling man's bare bottom.

The teams were given lines around which a poem had to be woven in 20 minutes. While they prayed for inspiration, the judges read out entries in the public competition for Welsh limericks beginning with the line "Somebody once heard on the radio."

Unaware of the availability of translation devices, the monoglot had problems with the public speaking contest in "Archdruid is not disheartened".

the 4,000-seater main pavilion. A young woman in a top as scarlet as a Welsh dragon launched into her eloquent five minutes and understanding was confined to "Bradford... jolly good... set aside... wellingtons... laxative" but not much more. Concentration wandered and ended up on the seat rows, which were lettered A, B, C, Ch, D, Dd, E, F, Ft, G and then Ng.

Once equipped with a sturdy earpiece in the left ear and the expertise of an adept interpreter, the monoglot made much more sense of the ladies choir contest. The Côr Lleislaur's Gest missed out on the Charles Dawe Cup but their smart black trousers and abstract shirts won the Guardian elegance award.

Suddenly there was an insistent whisper in the right ear. Where in England would so many people... there were 27,000 visitors on Wednesday... express so much passion for language, poetry and music? At the eisteddfod, the contests are so important that the sounds from the pavilion are even relayed to the tents.

First with Celtic enthusiasm, the monoglot went to the autobank and selected the Welsh option for his balance inquiry.

Marc Atzelwood, a retired footballer hailed as Welsh learner of the year, expressed his passion at a press conference (simultaneous translation provided). Mr Atzelwood, capped more than 40 times for Wales, confessed that he had left school in Newport without knowing a word of Welsh.

He began to learn in 90-minute lessons during his days with Cardiff FC. "Now I feel like a real Welshman," he said. "I'm going to send my son to a Welsh medium school. It's very important for children to speak Welsh if they are going to live in Wales."

Eisteddfod officials beamed. Earlier this week, the judges took the worrying decision to withhold the prose medal and the Sword of Peace was accordingly laid across an empty bardic chair. If the eisteddfod, which has contest classes ranging from individual step dancing for boys to hymn singing for the over-sixties, had a competition for headlines, the Western Mail would win hands down with "Archdruid is not disheartened".

Review

East meets West, stalls meet players

Andrew Clements

Tan Dun and Maxwell Davis presenters of The Proms, Royal Albert Hall

THE first performance in London of Tan Dun's Orchestral Theatre II: Re was scheduled for the Proms a year ago, but at the last minute power cut caused the concert to be abandoned, with a platform assurance from the Proms controller, John Drummond, that the work would be given in London as soon as possible. His successor, Nicholas Kenyon, has kept that promise. Together with Tan's earlier orchestral study On Taoism, it made up the central panel of the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra's three-part programme.

On Taoism was composed in 1985, while Tan was still a student at the Beijing Conservatory. Its fusion of Eastern and Western elements - Peking Opera-style vocalisations from the conductor and the orchestral musicians and the use of microtones and playing techniques that mimic Chinese instruments, combined with a language that persistently recalls Varèse more than any other Western composer - has remained his basic recipe ever since. That's both the strength and the weakness of Tan's work. There are striking ideas in On Taoism, with the sense of age-old Buddhist ritual framing the piece and the raw, exposed instrumental lines which are punctuated by the titillations. Though Tan's music has gained in assurance over the past 10 years, it is difficult to see from Orchestral Theatre II

how it has really developed. There's little that is new save for a more flamboyant approach and the ambition to push the orchestra and the ever wider canvas. The new work involves two conductors (Martyn Brabbins and Tan), wind players around the auditorium, and the audience itself, which is directed to sing the note D to underpin the orchestral writing. It is good, attractive fun, but by no means a great step forward.

There was another London premiere this week. Peter Maxwell Davies conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in an impressive account of his Sixth Symphony, first heard at the Orkney St Magnus Festival in June. Davies's Fifth, built on a massive scale and one of his finest achievements, was bound to be a hard act to follow. The Sixth has similar proportions - the three movements, each slower than the last, play for about 50 minutes, but the work never quite builds to the intensity it promises.

The whole musical organism is tightly organised, and some of the lines are certainly telling - vivid woodwind and brass flourishes etched against churning strings, percussion explosions in the central adagio and long, arching melodies in the finale. But the saw-tooth progressions that have been typical of Davies's symphonic writing since his First, setting up a succession of musical paragraphs each building to a climax that is steadily uncoiled and then beginning the process all over again, seem too mechanical this time, so that the cumulative effect is rather underwhelming.

Severe family stress linked to short stature in children

Chris Ishihara Medical Correspondent

SEVERE family stress coupled with emotional and physical abuse can cause short stature in children as well as bizarre eating disorders, doctors report today. Some affected children developed a compulsive over-eating disorder. Others tried

to drink so much they had to be restrained. The symptoms cleared up within days once children were in hospital away from the family stress. David Skuse and colleagues, from the Institute of Child Health, London, who looked at 51 patients with short stature admitted to their unit with a history of family stress, published their findings in the Lancet.



Leroy Douglas, brother of the man who died, outside the court after the verdict. He was accompanied by his sister Brenda (left) and another relative, Sophie

Baton death verdict 'unjust'

Police 'need better training'

Duncan Campbell and Owen Bowcott

THE family of a man who died in police custody after being struck by the new-style police baton reacted angrily yesterday to the inquest jury's verdict of misadventure. The coroner called for better training in the use of the batons, but relatives said they were considering a private prosecution against the police.

The Metropolitan police publicly expressed its regret at the death, the first involving the new baton, and said it would study any recommendations on batons.

A jury at Southwark crown court in south London returned a 9-2 majority verdict of misadventure at an inquest on the black music and boxing promoter Brian Douglas, who died aged 33, after being arrested in Clapham, south London, in May last year. The jury had been unable to reach a verdict when it adjourned on Wednesday.

Coroner Sir Montague Levine said: "There is a need for all officers who have been trained to use a baton to be taught the specific dangers.



Victim Brian Douglas; and coroner Sir Montague Levine listening to evidence from PC Paul Harrison

shocked by the verdict. The family cannot believe that the jury came to such a decision." Marc Wadsworth, of the Anti-Racist Alliance, said outside the court that the jury of 10 white people and one black person had not been representative of London. Superintendent John Rees of the Metropolitan police said after the verdict: "The death of Brian Douglas was a tragedy. The Metropolitan police service very much regret his death and the distress it has caused his family. They have acted with immense dignity throughout. This has also been a very distressing time for the officers involved."

He said that a thorough investigation had been carried out under the supervision of the Police Complaints Authority and more than 40 people gave evidence. The police would examine the coroner's remarks and take appropriate action. Mr Douglas, who was born in Balham, south London,

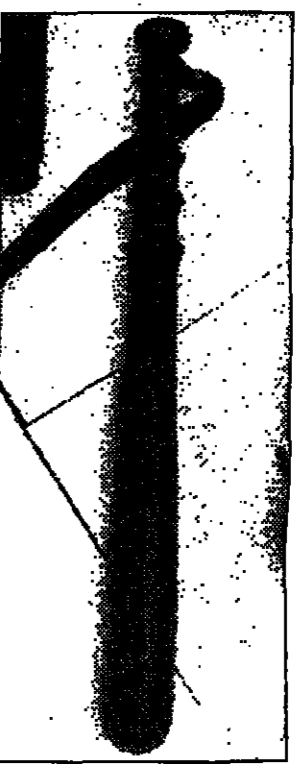


shocked by the verdict. The family cannot believe that the jury came to such a decision.

He said that a thorough investigation had been carried out under the supervision of the Police Complaints Authority and more than 40 people gave evidence. The police would examine the coroner's remarks and take appropriate action. Mr Douglas, who was born in Balham, south London,

died after being arrested, allegedly in possession of a CS gas canister, a lock-knife and cannabis. He had been kept in a police cell for 15 hours before being taken to hospital. The death of Mr Douglas, who had convictions as a young man for causing actual bodily harm and for cannabis offences, sparked a series of peaceful protests.

The solid, 24-inch acrylic baton thought to have been used in his arrest was nearly twice as heavy as the 16-inch wooden truncheons formerly carried by Metropolitan police officers. The longer US-style batons were a response to the increase in police injuries, and police said there had been a 16 per cent reduction in injuries to officers since the batons were introduced. One of the two officers who detained Mr Douglas, PC Paul Harrison, had been at the scene of the murder of another officer, it emerged during the inquest. The death of



US-style baton introduced to reduce police injuries

Rail sell-off raised safety fears

Experts have long warned of dangers of BR break-up

Rebecca Smithers Political Correspondent

ALTHOUGH the cause of the Watford accident was unclear last night, opposition parties and safety experts have long warned that the complex break-up of the rail network for privatisation could put safety at risk. With so many organisations involved in running the railways, they say the working relationships which have replaced the single line of command under the old British Rail structure can only weaken control.

In addition, the increasing trend towards contracting out track and maintenance work to private sector firms poses a serious threat, they claim. The former BR has been fragmented into more than 80 organisations. The accident happened on a stretch of busy track operated by North London Railways - one of the 25 rail passenger businesses. It has not yet been transferred to the private sector, but is run as a self-contained business under the

Death on the tracks

- December 1988. Clapham Junction - 35 people killed in pile-up involving three early-morning commuter trains.
- March 1989. Purley, Surrey - five people died when a Horsham to Victoria slow train hit a Littlehampton to Victoria train on the fast line.
- March 1989. Glasgow - two people died after two suburban electric trains on a single track collided head-on.
- November 1989. Newcastle upon Tyne - 15 people injured when two InterCity expresses collided outside the main station.
- August 1990. Stafford - train driver killed and 35 injured at Stafford station in a two-train crash.
- January 1991. Cannon

Street, London - two people killed, 547 injured when a packed morning commuter train from Sevenoaks, Kent, hit the buffers at the station. October 1994. Cowden, Kent - five people killed, including both drivers, 12 injured when two trains collided head-on on a single-line stretch of track. January 1995. Settle to Carlisle line, Alsill - One person killed, 26 injured after two trains collided in gales. March 1996. Stafford - one person killed and 22 injured after a derailed freight train was struck head-on by a Royal Mail locomotive. Both trains belonged to privatised organisations bought by the US railroad company, Wisconsin Central.

and West Coast services out of Euston have faced serious speed restrictions throughout this year because of urgent maintenance work needed on the track. The Government has long promised a major upgrade of the West Coast mainline, but it is dependent upon private sector cash. Earlier this year the Rail, Maritime and Transport Workers' union warned that the track's poor condition, north-west London, would collapse without urgent repair work. High-speed trains were having to slow down from 110mph to 70mph for safety reasons because of the track's poor condition. A spokesman said: "Railtrack is attempting to keep this line going with a policy of patch and mend. It has admitted the West Coast mainline is living on borrowed time". He warned of an increasing risk of derailment on the Euston stretch "due to a lack of investment and renewal". Last year the Government was strongly criticised after it decided to abandon the £900 million Automatic Train Protection, a sophisticated computer system which prevents trains going through red lights and overrides driver error. It was recommended by the inquiry set up to investigate the Clapham disaster, but was deemed to be too expensive to be introduced on a nationwide basis.

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INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS

Wester rally go ahead risking new flashpoint

كندا والشرق

Ulster rally to go ahead risking new flashpoint

David Sharrock
Ireland Correspondent

ANATIONALIST rally in Londonderry on the eve of a contentious loyalist parade will go ahead tonight in spite of calls from Catholic community and religious leaders to abandon it.

The parade decision, taken by the Bogside Residents Group which has failed to reach agreement with Apprentice Boys over their desire to walk a circuit of the walls of Londonderry, has raised the political temperature further in Northern Ireland, which seems poised once more on the brink of widespread unrest.

Bogside spokesman Donncha MacNiallais said that tonight's rally was about "equality and respect for unionist and nationalist rights". Demonstrators would be asked to return on Saturday to Free Derry Corner in the Bogside, at the height of the Apprentice Boys rally in the city centre, when more than 10,000 loyalists will be in Londonderry. Troops will seal off a section of the city wall where the Apprentice Boys had hoped to march.

"Our rally will go ahead quite simply because we have a leadership role to play in all of this and we want people to act responsibly in a peaceful manner," said Mr MacNiallais.

But he added that he would meet church leaders and listen to their objections and — if need be — cancel it and the follow-up demonstration. The rally's route will pass by the Apprentice Boys' hall as loyalists take part in eve-of-march celebrations. A few hours before the residents' announcement, RUC sources said there was no justification for the nationalist parade. "I think the Apprentice Boys have an extremely good case. This is open territory and there is a very good case for a local agreement," said one source. "There is every reason to believe that the Apprentice Boys do not want violence. If there is an attempt to provoke

the marchers then that could lead to serious disorder.

The sources added that residents groups involved in the parade issue had a significant Sinn Fein influence on them. "There is little doubt that there is paramilitary manipulation of residents groups and it's a specific ploy. The Provisional IRA will continue to milk the current situation. They have, in their eyes, the high ground and are therefore unlikely to go back to war in Northern Ireland while that is going on.

"They will undoubtedly attempt to launch more attacks on the British mainland but will continue here to milk the public order position politically."

Mr MacNiallais insisted that the residents' groups were not being manipulated.

As tension mounted last night, the SDLP leader, John Hume, said everybody had a duty to put the city first and not to engage in the kind of violence seen during the Drumcree crisis.

Mr Hume agreed that Protestants were feeling marginalised and aggrieved for the anger to be channelled in a peaceful, constructive fashion. And he called on nationalists to show tolerance.

The former SDLP mayor of the city, John Kerr, said there was no great sense of victory, triumphalism or exhilaration within the Bogside at the troops sealing off a quarter of a mile of the city wall overlooking their community.

In the first sign that tomorrow's parade could lead to a repeat of the disorder which brought Northern Ireland to a standstill last month, a group calling itself the Loyal Women of Ulster blocked off the centre of Lisburn, Co Antrim, for part of yesterday afternoon.

The Northern Ireland Secretary, Sir Patrick Mayhew, met leaders of the Apprentice Boys at Stormont. The meeting lasted for more than an hour and afterwards, Gregory Campbell of the Democratic Unionists, said that Sir Patrick candidly admitted his decision to seal off the wall was unjust.

Protestant

'I have more thought in my little finger than his whole body'

ALISTAIR Simpson is, at the mature side to be described as a boy. But as Governor of the Apprentice Boys of Derry, he finds himself at the centre of this weekend's events.

He was born across the River Foyle in the Waterside but, against the tide of demographic change which has seen 15,000 Protestants desert the city-side of Londonderry for the east bank, he has lived in the loyalist Fountain estate for more than 30 years.

The Fountain is Derry's last Protestant enclave on

the west bank, where fewer than 1,000 people remain in poor housing and with high unemployment.

Mr Simpson has impressed senior police officers who say the Apprentice Boys is a well-led organisation. His preparedness to meet and negotiate with convicted IRA members over the parade issue is in contrast to Orange leaders in Portadown who refused to meet a Garvaghy Road residents' group over their Drumcree route.

But although he and Donncha MacNiallais live less than a mile apart, divided by the disputed stretch of wall, there is little love lost between them.

"I have more thought in my little finger and more feeling for the people of this area, for the people of the Bogside, and for the people of the whole city and for the business of the whole city than MacNiallais has in his whole body," Mr Simpson said.

— David Sharrock

Resident

'I am a Sinn Fein member, but the issue is bigger than me'

DONNCHA MacNiallais got lost on the city walls of Londonderry when he was three years old, ending up in the police barracks until his parents retrieved him.

Today, as the main spokesman of the Bogside Residents' Group, which is locked in conflict with the Apprentice Boys over this weekend's parade along the same walls, Mr MacNiallais looks as if he knows exactly where he is going.

Born and bred in the Bogside, his family started the first tenant association in 1967. His mother Mary Nell is a prominent Sinn Fein

councillor on the city council and he, too, is a party member.

Like his Ormeau Garvaghy Road counterparts, he has been accused of hijacking a community issue for political motives. Like them, he has served time in the IRA wing of the Maze prison. In 1977 he was found guilty of possession of a Magnum handgun and served 16 years. During the dirty protests of the late 1970s and early 1980s he lost four years remission for sticking to his republican ideals.

"I am a republican and a member of Sinn Fein, but the issue is bigger than me," he says.

He was elected spokesman for the Bogside Residents Group at a public meeting held last year to establish the organisation. Local sources say the meeting was not advertised and that only 15 people took part in the election of its eight-member executive.

— David Sharrock

Flamboyant career brought creative triumphs, bankruptcy and Buddhist withdrawal



David Hockney's painting Mr and Mrs Clark and Percy. Clark married his collaborator, Celia Birtwell, in 1969 when they were producing clothes for the leading models of the age

Ossie Clark, '60s fashion guru, stabbed to death

Duncan Campbell
Crime Correspondent

OSSIE Clark, one of the most influential figures in post-war British fashion, has been stabbed to death at his west London home, police confirmed yesterday.

A call from a public phone box in south London led police to a council flat in Holland Park where the body of the man who helped to revolutionise British fashion in the sixties and seventies was found. He had received several stab wounds.

A murder inquiry was launched under Detective Superintendent Ken Woodward as forensic experts examined the flat. A man was arrested and charged yesterday.

News of Clark's death on Tuesday night was greeted with dismay by those who had known him during a flamboyant, if eccentric, career that included commercial and critical triumph, bankruptcy and, only a few months ago, an angry bust-up with his local police.

Born in Liverpool 54 years ago into a family of three boys and three girls, Raymond Oswald Clark was always known as Ossie, the shortened version of the name his parents gave him in memory of the Lancashire village from which they came. He studied building and art at Warrington Technical College and at the Royal College of Art where he was soon regarded as one of the most imaginative students.

On the basis of his final year's work he was commissioned to design a range of fashions by a Knightsbridge

store and from there progressed to Quorum, one of the best known of the King's Road boutiques which were blossoming at that time. He designed clothes for Mick and Bianca Jagger and most of the best-known models of the era and became as much a part of the spirit of the age as any of the designers, photographers, musicians and actors.

In 1969, he married his collaborator, the fabric designer Celia Birtwell, and the couple were famously painted by their friend David Hockney, Clark sitting with a cat on his knee; the portrait hangs in the Tate. There were two sons, Albert and George, but the marriage ended in 1974. Friends said yesterday they had admired Clark for being openly gay at a time when it was more difficult to be so.

On the business side, his creative originality was not matched by a commercial instinct and later ambitious ventures — he once planned for a chain of his own shops in Beverly Hills, Munich, Zurich and New York — floundered. He was declared bankrupt in 1983 and attempts to revive his career did not succeed.

He became a Buddhist and over the last two years said he was more interested in writing, drawing, going for walks and doing occasional one-off designs for friends or special customers rather than in attempting to recapture what he now saw as an "unreal lifestyle". He said he was seeking "more genuine values".

A generous man who had given away much of his early and considerable wealth, he had a short fuse. This led to him being thrown out of the Chelsea Arts Club after a row with a member of staff in 1983 and more recently to his appearance in court after an altercation with police in a Notting Hill petrol station in July last year.

After four glasses of cham-

pagne at a fitting session, he had bumped his car into the back of another which he felt was taking too long at the petrol pump and then became involved in a scuffle with police, refusing to take a breath test. He was accused of biting one officer and calling another an "arsehole".

He was sentenced to two months in jail for assaulting and obstructing three officers but this was reduced to a year's probation on appeal because of his previous good character.

● An unemployed man, Diego Cogolato, aged 28, of no fixed abode, has been charged with the murder and will appear at Marylebone magistrates court this morning, a Scotland Yard spokesman said last night.



Ossie Clark in later years, more interested in doing occasional one-off designs

Obituary, page 10



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I was in a bit of a state. There I am, looking like a pig. But it was a necessary period for me to go through because I was sick of my personality.
Brett Anderson of Suede

'Tony Blair's image works well . . . Clare Short looks like she's been dragged through a hedge backwards sometimes.' Dan Glaister on the changing faces of Mr Blair and the woman who says advisers have given a nice man a too-macho image



THE BLAIR YEARS: Anthony Charles Lynton Blair as a child; in 1975, aged 21; optimistic MP, 1984; with quiff, 1989; 'thoughtfully manic' in 1993; party leader, 1994; and today's carefully-coiffed model

IT IS a tale of two partings. One was there in the early days, but soon disappeared to be replaced by a middle-of-the-road tuftiness. The other was absent at the start, but soon made its mark and never stopped widening as political radicalism took hold.

Tony Blair, young, dashing, optimistic, out on the campaign trail in 1982, was the personification of caring, progressive socialism.

His suit, the garb of the young manager, said that he had the know-how, his flyaway hair told the voters that here was a man who cared. The suggestion of a parting showed honesty and a devil-be-lucky attitude to matters of state.

By the early nineties Mr Blair was Opposition spokesman for home affairs. His rock 'n' roll high school days were behind him. The picture of Mr

Blair with a guitar and long hair assumed the same cultural significance as the photograph of Princess Diana the nanny in the see-through skirt.

Tony Blair was growing up. Bambi had turned predator. The bright-eyed gaze was gone, replaced by a thoughtfully manic stare. The parting, in a follicular enactment of the party's factional struggles of the eighties, had been ex-

punged. It was replaced for a time by a quiff-like entity. Today he has the carefully-coiffed dependability of a television anchorman.

"Tony Blair's image works well because you're not aware of it," said Mary Spillane, head of image consultants Color Me Beautiful, who work with politicians in Britain, Europe and the US.

Few people realise that Clare Short entered Parlia-

ment with a fringe. The young Mrs Alex Lyon was a fresh-faced, chubby-cheeked young socialist, brimming with idealism and a lust for the cause. The strange knotted shawl slung precariously over a hand-knitted jumper reflected her politics: a nod to internationalism underpinned by a preoccupation with the domestic.

Ms Short has stuck to her beliefs. The string of beads

she adopted in the mid-eighties, in deference to the national stage, has stayed with her through the highs and lows. Conviction is the byword in her wardrobe.

But the giveaway is the parting. As the party has moved to the centre, so Ms Short's parting has widened, a reflection of both her radicalism and her marginalisation within the shadow cabinet.

The brief flirtation with

the power suit in 1995 was a half-hearted attempt to fit in. But she is an independent spirit.

"Clare Short is very inconsistent," said Mary Spillane. "She looks like she's been dragged through a hedge backwards because she doesn't bother sometimes. She's not going to be someone in cabinet government because she's inconsistent, and that's the thing they're most scared of."

Macho man, or Mr Nice Guy

In her *New Statesman* article criticising Labour's spin doctors, Clare Short described Tony Blair as two people — one a "nice" Tony Blair, the other a Frankenstein creation of the "people in the dark". David Hencke lists utterances apparently revealing the Labour leader's "split personality."

Macho Blair

"Politics is pointless unless you can get into government." (Sunday Mirror)

"This week Labour must close ranks. We must be utterly single-minded." (Sunday Mirror, 1995)

"The next Labour MP who says it's just a question of how big our majority will be after the next general election could find himself flung into the Thames." (writing for *News of the World*, August 1995)

"There will be zero tolerance of failure from any government I lead." (Guardian, December 1996)

"I will not leave anything undone that may get in the way of a Labour victory and a good government." (writing for *Independent on Sunday*, July 1996)

Nice Blair

"Children puking on your clothes is a good way of keeping a sense of perspective." (Sunday Mirror)

"I think I know more about Ryan Giggs than I do about most people in politics." (Sunday Mirror)

"(Rock music) is the absolute love of my life . . . Well, maybe not Phil Collins" (interview, *News of the World*, November 1995)

"We weren't very good and if you played any recordings of it we'd lose the election." (on his band, *Ugly Rumours*, interview, November 1995)



THE CLARE YEARS: Ms Short, fresh-faced MP with a fringe in 1984; parting and beads a year later; conviction the byword through 1987, 1990, 1991, 1992 and 1995, which saw a flirtation with the power suit

Labour attacks on Short are 'mischief making'

David Hencke
Westminster Correspondent

OUTSPOKEN Clare Short's official line that she had no policy differences with her leader Tony Blair makes a good tale for the fiction

writers, say her angry Labour colleagues. They cite her views on cannabis, higher taxes, rail privatisation and Northern Ireland as cases where she is not in agreement with the Labour Party leadership. The attacks were denounced as "mischief making" by her office, which went

on to "instant rebuttal" overdrive in an attempt to counter them yesterday.

On cannabis, Labour policy has been to take a hard line against legalisation of any drugs. But Ms Short was quoted on television on October 28, 1995, as saying: "I think we should get some archbish-

ops and former chief constables and see if we can't organise the whole thing better and maybe that includes taxing and selling cannabis in a separate place than hard drugs." Her office said yesterday: "She was calling for a royal commission to debate the issue."

On tax, Labour policy is not

to raise taxes and it has no policy to specify rises in the higher tax band. On April 14, 1996, Ms Short said on television: "I think in a fair system people like me would pay a bit more tax." Her office said: "Clare was talking not about putting up taxes on salaries of £24,000 a year — then the MPs

rate — but at a rate including her own widow's pension — around £60,000 a year."

Clare Short was accused by a colleague privately yesterday of an underhand deal with Gordon Brown to change the party's policy on the renationalisation of Railtrack. Her office said yesterday: "The

policy change was reached by agreement between Clare Short, John Prescott, Tony Blair, Robin Cook, and Gordon Brown."

Another colleague accused her of challenging the bipartisan policy on Northern Ireland. She said yesterday: "This is a downright lie."

Murdered girl's friends to face more questions from French

Geoffrey Gibbs and Alex Duval Smith
in St Malo

FRIENDS of the schoolgirl Caroline Dickinson are to be questioned further by the French authorities following the release of the vagrant who had confessed to her murder.

Caroline, a 13-year-old pupil at Launceston College in Cornwall, was raped and suffocated at a youth hostel in the Brittany village of Pleine Fougères three weeks ago while on a school trip. She was discovered in the room she had been sharing with four other children.

Although DNA tests carried out in France cleared the male staff and students in the school party of any involvement, the French investigators have indicated they wish to travel to Launceston to re-interview members of the group.

A spokesman for the Cornwall education authority said the investigators would be seeking potential witnesses, not suspects. But they had not yet made direct contact, and it was not immediately clear how many of the party would be questioned.

The vagrant, Patrick Padé, aged 39, was in hiding yesterday. He was allowed to leave prison on Wednesday after



Fellow pupils lay flowers in memory of Caroline Dickinson

DNA tests cleared him of the murder.

His lawyer in St Malo, René Blanchard, criticised what he described as "British and official pressure" to find a suspect rapidly after the girl was found dead on July 18.

Mr Blanchard said: "There was enormous pressure from the British for the party to be allowed to return home quickly. There was also official pressure for a quick solution to the case."

Mr Blanchard said that the gendarmes had made "hasty

judgments" in placing his client under formal investigation and jailing him.

But he praised the investigating magistrate overseeing the gendarmes. "The judge showed exemplary honesty in allowing justice to come first so that my client could be released," said Mr Blanchard.

Mr Padé's release has brought a renewed mood of dejection to Launceston, where classmates of the girl and members of staff on the activity week trip have been receiving counselling.

Parents of the 39 children in the group were yesterday reluctant to speak. But the mother of one girl said people were very upset that the French police had not caught the right man.

In a statement issued through the Rev Tim Newcombe, vicar of Launceston, the dead girl's parents, Sue and John Dickinson, said they would not respond to speculation about the investigation of the murder, and asked to be given peace and privacy.

The mayor of Launceston, Barry Jordan, described the investigation as a fiasco. The French were welcome to come as long as they were seeking new leads, he said, but it would be very upsetting for the children.

"They were just getting to the stage where they could put this thing behind them. Now everything has been started up again."

Paul Burns, a Devon and Cornwall police inspector based at Launceston, said people in the town felt dejected and let down.

"Gloom is the only way to describe it. How the poor parents must be feeling I don't know."

The head of Launceston College, Alan Wroath, was informed of the French authorities' plans by the Foreign Office yesterday morning.

Cash crisis drives British team out of food games

Emily Barr

AT LEAST Britain made it to Atlanta. Another less publicised team has failed even to make it to the airport. A month before the Culinary Olympics open in Berlin, the official British team has pulled out for lack of funds.

But we might still see a medal or two coming home, for the Scottish culinary squad has stepped into the breach. It will be represent Britain in such events as hors d'oeuvres, five-course menus and pastry desserts.

"We were going anyway," says Scottish team manager Tony Jackson, "but we were only planning to compete in the cold buffet."

A 1998 rule allows Britain only one national team. While Scotland and Wales compete in the side events, only the London-based British (read English) team may take part in the main Hot Kitchen competition.

British team manager Brian Cottarill blames the recent withdrawal of half the £24,000 sponsorship for his team's failure to get off the ground.

Scottish team captain Bruce Sangster said: "Our first choice was to serve beef, but we found we're not allowed to take it to Germany, so we're doing venison."

Rising cost of Eurofighter adds £1.5bn to UK tax bill

David Fairhall
Defence Correspondent

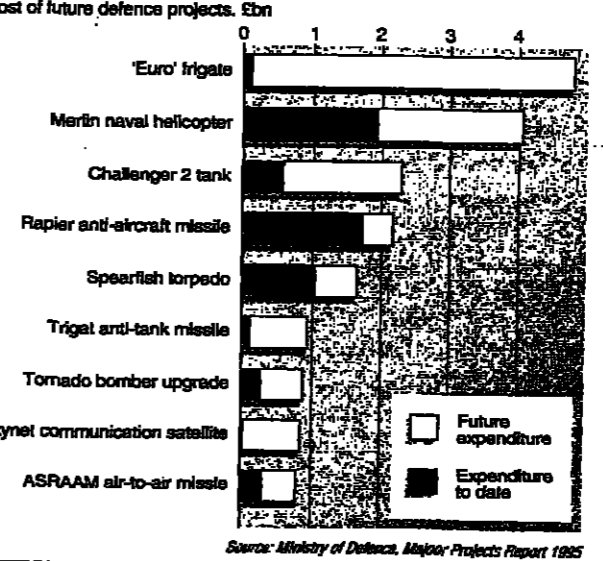
BRITAIN'S share of the bill for the Eurofighter has risen by a further £1.25 billion in spite of efforts to reorganise the four-nation aircraft project along more economical lines, the government financial watchdog has revealed.

The UK taxpayer's final bill is now expected to be £15.4 billion, and restructuring the programme means the RAF will not get the first of its new fighters until 2001, three years later than it originally hoped.

The new forecasts appear in a National Audit Office review of 25 major defence projects, with a combined cost of £32 billion. Excluding the two exceptionally large programmes — Eurofighter and the £11.8 billion Trident nuclear deterrent — the NAO has uncovered net increases by the end of last year totalling £695 million.

"Unforeseen technical difficulties" account for 40 per cent of the total slippage. But the Ministry of Defence's budgetary restraints have also played a part (22 per cent) plus problems of collaborating with other nations (16 per cent). Protracted negotiations with Germany and France over the Cobra battlefield radar, which

Taxpayer's military tab



detects enemy gun positions, have helped to set it back by more than six years.

The NAO commends the MoD for some improvement in cost forecasting, but the benefits have yet to appear in average costings. Last year's record was badly marred by the Merlin naval helicopter programme, which suffered a second expensive crash of a pre-production aircraft in

April. Where costs have been successfully controlled, it is often attributable to the MoD's insistence on fixed price contracts.

The MoD's greatest success is the Trident nuclear submarine programme, where a policy of allocating generous contingency margins has helped to produce a reduction of £3,588 million in the original forecast.

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Health chief undertake for the NHS

Dixons Optics

Health chief 'undertaker for the NHS'

David Brindle, Social Services Correspondent

A SENIOR health authority official has delivered an astonishing denunciation of the direction of government health policy, likening his job to that of an undertaker for the NHS.

Dr Stephen Farrow, director of public health for Barnet health authority in north London, has used his annual report to decry the rationing of health care, the two-tier system created by GP fund-holding and the "substantial disaster" of the health care market system.

Arguing that health authority managers are inhabiting an Alice in Wonderland world, Dr Farrow writes: "We have moved in one year from mad cow disease to the mad hatter's tea party."

Public health directors have often voiced concern about aspects of the Government's health changes, but never in terms as trenchant as this.

Dr Farrow says in his 94-page report that it is part of his responsibility to observe and comment. The NHS, he states, is a "depressing sight".

Ministers will be angered that he is insisting overt rationing of health care is taking place and that debate about the relative effective-

ness of treatments is a "comfortable diversion" from the real question.

"We are at a point where we must introduce substantial restrictions on the health care to which people once believed they were entitled," Dr Farrow writes.

"We are talking about services older people will not get when they leave hospital and others will have to pay for."

Describing the NHS market changes as a substantial disaster overall, the doctor says they have been a success only for fundholders who have done much to improve the care of their patients. "The downside has been the two-tier system."

The billing and contracting involved in the market system has meant "a paper-chase of the highest order" for health authorities and health care trusts.

He says public health doctors have been trained in preventive medicine, clinical effectiveness and identification of population needs.

"What the training did not do was to prepare doctors to become the undertakers of the NHS — the role we are required to carry out as more and more areas of the NHS are dismantled."

"We are not only executive directors, but executors of an estate which is being finalised for probate."



Duncan Lawson, who lived with his parents while at university. 'I like my home comforts' PHOTOGRAPH DON MURPHY

Council faces test case over bill for elderly in care homes

David Brindle

A LOCAL authority is ready to trigger a test case on the funding of long-term care of elderly people because it says it can no longer afford to meet its legal obligations.

Sefton council on Merseyside yesterday admitted it was failing to step in, as required by law, to pay the fees of 47 care home residents whose assets have fallen below £10,000 — the threshold below which a local authority takes over funding under the community care system.

The charity Help the Aged has given the council 14 days to justify its action or face court proceedings.

The Commons health select committee said on Wednesday there was no crisis in the funding of long-term care, but admitted there was a "wide-

spread perception" that the funding system was unfair.

Under the three-year-old community care system, people with assets of more than £16,000 meet their own costs. If they have assets of between £10,000 and £16,000 the local authority must contribute to the costs. Below £10,000 the authority must meet them all.

A spokesman for the authority said it was paying for 1,071 people in care homes from an annual care budget of about £13 million.

It had asked the Government to review its funding allocation, with no success. There was no money to help the 47 residents in Sefton.

Tessa Harding, head of planning development for Help the Aged, said the charity sympathised with the council's plight, but the 47 had clear rights in law.

Commuting to campus 'worth it for mother's cooking'

New graduate explains why he decided against life in a university residence hall

James Meikle

DUNCAN Lawson, aged 22, spent four years keeping home comforts as he travelled in each day to Strathclyde university in Glasgow from Airdrie, 16 miles away.

Finance, food and the fact that friends were doing the same all played their part in his decision not to taste the life of university halls.

The earnings of his father, a quantity surveyor, and mother, a teacher, meant he would get little state grant even if he lived on campus.

"I like my home comforts, my mother to do the cooking, and it is an easier life to have the washing done. It helped that my mother and father left the house between 7.30 and 8.30. I got chucked out of bed, and I think I got up

more quickly than if I lived away."

His parents had supported him — to the tune of £1,000 a year in train fares and latterly petrol for his A-registered Vauxhall Nova and for his course books.

Weekend work at a cash and carry and a student loan in his final year helped to finance social activities, but he rarely stayed late on campus.

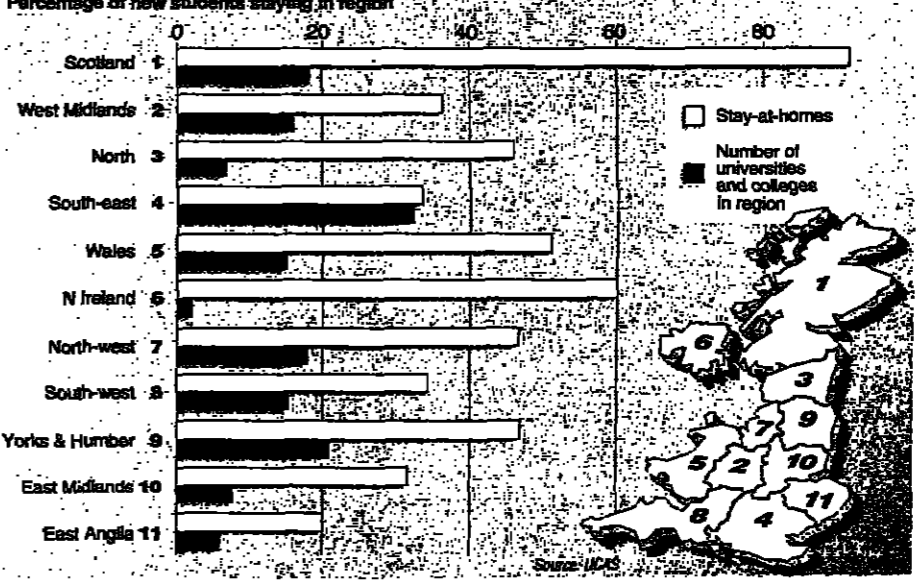
He was awarded a degree in mechanical engineering this summer, but he said he did not enjoy university.

His elder brother dropped out of another university in Glasgow and now worked in Airdrie, while his younger brother went to yet another university in the city and still lived at home.

"I don't think my parents minded," said Duncan. "They accept it — most students go to university in Glasgow. Some day they might get rid of us."

"A lot of people get grants who shouldn't get them. They buy a hi-fi or something with the lump

Home comforts



sum. Maybe it would be better if they got a grant every couple of weeks instead."

Yet he admired some people who went to university a long way from home.

"I don't think I could do it. My main worry would be I didn't like it. I would miss my friends and I would want to go back, but that would mean dropping out."

Now he was considering a career away from home, perhaps with oil companies in Aberdeen, on petroleum platforms or in the police force.

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Dixons There's a great deal going on

Labour pledge on party donors

Rebecca Smithers Political Correspondent

LABOUR yesterday pledged to introduce laws to force political parties to declare all donations over £5,000 as part of a crackdown on political funding.

Shadow foreign secretary Robin Cook said Labour would disclose its donations above this level at its party conference this autumn, and challenged the Conservative Party to do the same.

Launching the party's detailed plans on political funding, he claimed the summer weather had "brought out the stench of political scandal" from the Tory party's coffers.

"We have learned that by slipping the Tory party a hundred grand a businessman can get an intimate dinner with the Prime Minister," he said. "We have also discovered that some of the companies which stand to make

most out of the sale of Britain's railways are the very companies who give most to the Tory party."

Mr Cook said that under the other reforms in the legislative package Labour would make it illegal for any political party to accept donations from "foreign sources". In addition, no company would be allowed to make a political donation without first balloting shareholders to set up a political fund.

Companies would also have to give shareholders the right to opt out of their share of a political fund. The party recommends that all political parties in the UK should accept these guidelines, pending the implementation of a statutory framework.

But the Conservative Party chairman, Brian Mawhinney, claimed Labour's proposals were part of its two-pronged campaign to "try and get taxpayers to fund political parties, and to enable Labour councils to exact vindictive revenge on Tory donors".

The Liberal Democrats welcomed the "overdue" proposals.

"A declaration of donations over £5,000 at this year's Labour Party conference would be one publicity stunt we would welcome," a spokeswoman said. "They have not, however, enlightened us on bankrolling by the unions, nor have they addressed the issue of hidden funding, such as the special edition of the Daily Mirror during the Littleborough & Saddleworth by-election."

Following an article in the Guardian on Wednesday the Royal Bank of Scotland has asked us to make it clear that it is not, and has never been, a Conservative Party donor.



Robin Cook: challenge to Tories on party donations

The Guardian Offer

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Some Like It Hot!

The Yeltsin trail of broken promises

James Meek in Moscow

THE most risky campaign promise Boris Yeltsin made was never spoken out loud. It was all in the twist of his big body as he jived on stage at those southern Russian rock concerts on the election trail in May.

"Read my lips," he was saying. "I'm fighting 'it."

It was a broken promise for which his age and health, rather than the sickness of the body politic he heads, was responsible. But when the exhausted and ailing president takes the oath of office in the Kremlin today the live television audience will have plenty of other broken promises to remember.

As the guests file into the bleak, gargantuan Soviet-era Kremlin Palace for the short

inauguration ceremony, they will be conscious that the greatest stain on Mr Yeltsin's first presidency, the decision to intervene in Chechnia and the subsequent death of tens of thousands of people, has not been atoned for.

The third battle for the Chechen capital Grozny was continuing with unabated ferocity last night, and there were fresh reports of fighting from all over the region. Scores of soldiers, rebels and civilians have died.

Mr Yeltsin's theatrical peace-treaty signing ceremony with the separatist leader Zelimkhan Yandarbiyev in the Kremlin, and his lightning visit to Chechnia, where he told Russian troops that the war was over and they had won, have turned out to be bogus.

As the guests go to the Kremlin Palace for the short

mittee for Soldiers' Mothers, was the president's clear undertaking in May that Russian conscripts would no longer be forced to serve in Chechnia.

"They're sending conscripts there, just the same as they did before. Nothing has changed. There's been no withdrawal of troops," she said. "Nothing has been really withdrawn. They just move one regiment out and put another one in."

Promises to spend billions of pounds rebuilding the ruined city of Grozny are also in question.

Presidential and governmental decrees on Chechen reconstruction are on a list of 56 high-cost pledges, many linked to the presidential election campaign, up for axing by a team established to try to keep the budget deficit within limits agreed with the IMF.

Hot session for Chernomyrdin

VIKTOR Chernomyrdin faces a grilling on the economy and Chechnia and a "heated but constructive debate" when parliament meets tomorrow to approve his reappointment as prime minister. However, he is likely to get the 226 votes he needs, the Communist Speaker of the State Duma, Gennady Seleznyov, said yesterday.

The Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov, said his followers would need a promise of new government policies. — AP.

Details of the team's work, published in Sevodnya newspaper this week, show that the list includes a decree on Chechen reconstruction worth about \$2 billion.

Another is a \$30 million programme to protect mafia-threatened judges, a key item in the security overlord Alexander Lebed's plans to end crime and corruption.

The president's dancing days are not forgotten. One of the musicians who rocked for Yeltsin, the hugely popular singer Alla Pugacheva, was promised a Moscow cultural centre she would run. This, too, is under the blade.

The hollowness of Mr Yeltsin's campaign promises to make good unpaid wages is clear from the growing unrest in the coal industry.

The economics minister, Yevgeny Yasin, admitted this

week that the government did not yet have the money to fulfil the president's promises.

"All instructions of the president will be fulfilled. The major issue concerns the term, and when it will be possible to find these assets," he said.

But it is Mr Yeltsin's fragile health rather than his hollow promises that really threaten his hold on power.

Few who voted for him believed his coruscating pledges of peace and roubles by the cubic metre.

"Nobody expected he would pay. Everybody understood they were just election promises," said Sergei Markov, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Moscow.

Even Mrs Melnikova agreed. "We knew in our

hearts, we knew from the start that it was rubbish. It was obviously pre-election propaganda."

"Sometimes some mum comes along and says 'Och, I believed him and he deceived me'. And I say 'What are you, a 14-year-old schoolgirl, that you can be fooled so easily?'"

Andrei Mironov, a former political prisoner and one of the organisers of an anti-war demonstration in Moscow last night, pointed out that Mr Yeltsin was not the only one who had broken election pledges. His one-time presidential challenger General Lebed had also promised to end the Chechen war.

Many voters had equally low expectations of what the communist-nationalist movement led by Gennady Zyuganov might be able to achieve, so they voted for the devil they knew in the hope

that they, or their children, might carve out a comfortable place in Yeltsinland.

Pavel Voshehanov, political commentator for Komsomolskaya Pravda newspaper, said which Mr Yeltsin and those around him had struggled to create was now real, but it wanted to own more.

"The second Russian president has not yet taken office, but the outlines of the Russia the victors intend to build are already becoming visible — a military-bureaucratic state with a criminal market economy.

"Neither the real leftwing opposition nor the more mythical rightwing can prevent its creation... Russia has entered a phase of doubtful political deeds, the aim of which is to complete the division of property, once and for all."

India dashes new hopes for test ban

David Fairhall

INDIA formally warned the world's nuclear establishment yesterday that it may still block the proposed test ban treaty unless New Delhi is left free to take its own decisions on testing and the nuclear powers commit themselves to a timetable for disarmament.

An Indian veto would wreck years of tortuous diplomatic negotiation just as the other remaining obstacle to a comprehensive test ban — China's objection to international inspections — seemed this week to have been removed.

Before yesterday's warning, the United States ambassador to the United Nations disarmament conference in Geneva, Stephen Ledogar, forecast that a draft treaty embodying a compromise brokered between Washington and Beijing would be ready by next Thursday.

But the Indian delegate, Arundhati Ghose, reaffirmed her government's objections, which are reinforced by domestic opposition demands that India should test and build its own nuclear missile warheads.

Ms Ghose insisted the text be amended so as not to require her government's ratification before the treaty comes into force — since this would infringe its sovereign right to decide on the issue. The present text requires all parties to the negotiations with nuclear facilities — the five declared nuclear weapons states and the three "threshold" states of Israel, India and Pakistan — to sign and ratify the treaty before it comes into effect.

She said: "If, however, the present text is sought to be

retained, I am instructed to inform the conference that India would be reluctantly obliged to oppose such effort. This text... does not meet India's basic concerns."

Other diplomats noted that the Indian representative did not use the word "block" or "veto", raising the possibility that she will simply abstain next week, leaving the draft treaty to proceed to the UN General Assembly in September.

The only other way of proceeding — considered a poor second best — would be for some other international group to sponsor the treaty at the UN, without the collective endorsement of the 61-country Conference on Disarmament.

Pakistan — also believed to be capable of rapidly developing nuclear weapons if it does not already possess them — says it will not sign the treaty unless India does so.

Apparently responding to opposition demands earlier this week for a stronger stand, a foreign ministry spokesman added yesterday that a treaty would also have to meet Pakistan's chief security concerns — on nuclear proliferation, India's suspected nuclear missile programme, and the violent dispute over Kashmir.

China, meanwhile, is believed to have agreed with the US that on-site inspections to verify the treaty should be allowed if 30 countries de-pledge nuclear facilities — the five declared nuclear weapons states and the three "threshold" states of Israel, India and Pakistan — to sign and ratify the treaty before it comes into effect.

She said: "If, however, the present text is sought to be



Going bananas... Eager Parisians reach out during a fruit giveaway by French farmers yesterday. It was soon called off when thousands of hopefuls overran the distribution site. The handouts had been planned as a protest against falling wholesale prices blamed on the growing reliance of shoppers on discount supermarkets. PHOTOGRAPH: MICHEL ELLER

Where the disappeared are ever present

ISLAM ON PROBATION: In the last of three articles on Turkey, John Hooper in Istanbul assesses whether the Islamist-led government can improve human rights

LALE MANSUR emerged from the dispersing crowd looking as serene as circumstances allowed. The film star and former prima ballerina of the Istanbul state ballet had been among hundreds of people sitting down in the road by the Galatasaray bazaar.

There has been a sit-in there every Saturday for the past 63 weeks, held to protest at Turkey's disappearances.

The demonstrations are intended to be non-political. But sometimes, as on this occasion, a leftwing group will join in, chanting slogans against the authorities. And with riot police deployed within a hundred yards, that is no joke.

Disappearances are the latest horror to emerge from the grim dungeon of human rights abuse in Turkey. The report for 1994 of the United Nations Working Group on Enforced and Involuntary Disappearances records more disappearances in Turkey than in any other country in the world. Most were in the south-east where the army has been fighting Kurdish separatists for 12 years. In the first six months of this year, according to the Human Rights Association (IHD) in Ankara, 114 people went missing.

"The detention of these people is witnessed, often by relatives," says an IHD official. "Often the relatives get in touch with us. We call the security directorate and they say, 'This person does not figure in our records.'"

The IHD claims it is a way of allowing detainees to be tortured with impunity. It says many are handed over to a covert institution which goes by the chilling title of the Laboratory for In-depth Investigation.

The demonstrations at Galatasaray began after the relatives of one of these disap-

they are against torture, against disappearances. But they don't have the power to put their ideas into practice.

"They are the government, but they do not enjoy the real power of the state, because this is a system based on military force."

After the last coup in 1980, the constitution was amended to give a key role to the National Security Council, a joint government-military body chaired by the president.

"That is the real government," says Mr Onen. "In 20 years, parliament has never rejected a single demand made by the council of the government."

Yet events surrounding the ended peacefully and the government made concessions.

Did it defy the generals, or did the Islamists have enough influence and credibility to dissuade them from their course? The answer is important in the light of another question.

If the Islamists won enough votes to govern alone and set about imposing their ideas more vigorously than at present, would the army, which has always been seen as a guarantor of the country's secular tradition, step in?

A surprising number of Turks have their doubts. The 1980 coup traumatised society in a way that no previous intervention had. It cost the officer corps popularity and

"The Islamists form the government, but they do not enjoy real power, because this is a system based on military force"

end last month of the hunger strike in which 12 detainees starved to death would seem to suggest the Islamists are not entirely at the mercy of the men in uniform.

A meeting of the National Security Council was held two days before the strike ended. Independent sources close to the negotiations say the armed forces took an unyielding line. They demanded an assault on the prisons to enable the strikers to be force-fed and ordered hospitals to prepare for casualties.

In the event, the protest

credibility, and there is a widespread belief that senior commanders would be deeply reluctant to repeat the experience. Nor is it clear that they are as antipathetic to the Islamists as their predecessors.

"The record of the army since 1980 is more complex than meets the eye," warns Erkin Kalaycioglu, Professor of Political Science at Bosphorus University. "I don't believe that the army now is as secular as it used to be."

He recalls that in the years following the coup the armed forces actively worked to

Denmark's 'hell of a socialist' hippie veteran dies on bike trip

AP in Copenhagen

THE veteran hippie Thor-kild Weiss Madsen, whose long greying beard and stooped walk made him one of the best-known characters in the squatter community of Christiansia, has died aged 54, reports said yesterday.

He was said to have died on a bicycle trip in Sweden, but the cause of death was not known.

Mr Weiss Madsen was regularly on the front line of demonstrations, mocking lawmakers and capitalists.

He once described himself as "a hell of a socialist". From 1978 to 1981, he was a member of Copenhagen's city council.

Christiansia is a sprawling former military barracks occupied since 1971 by hippies and anarchists.

Mr Weiss Madsen styled himself as a provocative crusader, and once said: "I hate all that smells of capitalism and oppression."

But he had a hard time provoking the tolerant and easy-going Danes into fighting back. In 1992 he was detained when trying to enter the parliament building wearing a mask of the prime minister, Poul Nyrup Rasmussen, but he was not prosecuted.

Greece hatches tax haven plan

Helena Smith in Athens

GREECE has come up with a new scheme for keeping a host of far-flung Aegean islets under the wing of Athens rather than Ankara: it plans to turn them into tax havens.

Foreign tourists may flock to the islands, but the deputy finance minister, George Anomeritis, conceded yesterday, Greeks have been flocking off them.

"It's imperative that we keep people living on the islands," said Mr Anomeritis, who will table a bill outlining the scheme in parliament today.

"In the last 10 years the population on these islands has dropped by 50 per cent simply because there is no incentive to stay."

Greece is attached to its islands: only intervention by President Clinton prevented a military conflict with Turkey over an uninhabited rock near the Turkish coast earlier this year.

Under Athens' current scheme, a list of 46 islands with populations of less than 3,000 has been drawn up. These islanders would pay no income tax, regardless of nationality.

Last summer Greek consulates around the world were bombarded with inquiries from foreigners after the defence ministry unveiled a plan to house people resident on a cluster of nine islands close to the coast of Turkey.

The scheme was quietly



shelved in the face of Turkish sensitivities, but Athens is now talking about using European Union funds to relocate businesses to strategic outposts.

"In the summer these islands have a bit of life but in the winter their population dwindles to just a few families," said Christodoulos Yalourides, an adviser to the defence minister.

Greece has more than 2,000 islands studding the Mediterranean, Ionian and Aegean seas, but only 200 are inhabited.

Greek nerves have been newly jangled by a leading Turkish newspaper saying that a Turkish army report describes 100 islands within six miles of Turkey's coast as "belonging by law to Turkey, the successor of the Ottoman Empire". Greece's ruling Socialists yesterday demanded an immediate retraction.

The boys on their boards seem frozen, becalmed; a kid leaning his arm against a tree constitutes some sort of event. Without the verbal energy of Clark's movie, only inertia remains.

Larry Clark

Return page 4

مكتبة القرآن

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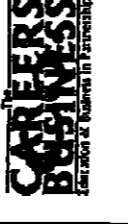
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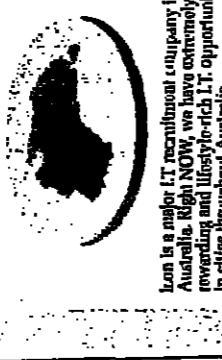
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icon

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The Physiological Society requires a Computer Support Assistant to help with hardware and software support and development in their busy Publications Office in Cambridge. The ideal candidate will have some experience of programming PC databases, and will probably be a graduate in a numerate subject. Unix, HTML or Access experience would be useful, but there will be the opportunity to develop skills in these and other areas.

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Aliens attack the White House in Independence Day. Below us, in an early War of the Worlds illustration. Benning and everyone is charming to Ancient Egypt. Wells offered rationality as the road to Utopia. He takes the monsters and passes on the rationalism. Worse, we blame the scientific rationalist in him for the problems that arise from our ignoring him. We do so at our peril. It would be well to remember this, as we turn away from science, mistaking it like an alcoholic who goes to a queue because he can't face his GP - and towards aliens. And Mystic Meg, crystal power and the Toronto Blessing.

Eric Rom is an antiquarian bookeller and a major HQ Wells collector. Independence Day opens in the UK today. The plot turns on one of the most bizarre episodes in the history of medicine. This is the Be warned, it may make you feel a little feverish.

discovery, in 1917, by a Viennese neurologist called Julius Wagner von Jauregg, that it is possible to treat tertiary syphilis - which is resistant to chemotherapy - by infecting patients with a benign form of malaria (being a common parasite term); the resulting fever raises the body temperature to a point where the spirochete, the corkscrew-shaped micro-organism that causes syphilis, cannot survive.

Malaria dreams



VERY few weeks, it seems, another life-threatening disease appears on the media horizon, an old scourge making a come-back or a new horror emerging from the tropical forest: Ebola virus in Zaire, plague in India, cholera in Latin America, tuberculosis everywhere. The latest of these reverts to send shivers down the spine - literally in the case of those who fall victim to it - is malaria.

For most people in the world, of course, malaria never went away. Tens of millions catch it each year and hundreds of thousands of them die. After infantile diarrhoea, it is the biggest killer disease, not least in the tropics. It is the cause of an estimated 2,000 deaths a day. In the past, it has been a major cause of death for returning travellers in Britain. Last year - and the spread of the malaria parasite to the Americas, Africa and the Pacific - it was the cause of a major outbreak in the United States.

It wouldn't be the first time. The symptoms of malaria were first recorded by Hippocrates in the fourth century BC: the three-day intermittent fever he documented gave rise to the English name for malaria, tertian ague, an affliction mentioned in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. "Malaria" itself derives from the Italian, mal'aria, and reflects the theory, prevalent until the 19th century, that the disease was the result of miasma rising from swamps: Pontine marshes near Rome until they were drained in the 1850s. This and much other curious information is to be found in an excellent book called The Malaria Capers by Robert M. Desowitz (Norton, £7.95), a tropical medicine specialist. When it comes to the non-academic literature, though, there is surprisingly little to be found.

If you've ever had malaria you will know that its alternating chills and fevers are often accompanied by delirium, nightmares and delirious utterances and, if you are very unfortunate, by death. Surely this is the stuff of literature. Death from swamp fever is indeed a motif in the western romance you feel a little feverish.

celebrated malarial episode in the history of evolutionary biology: Alfred Russel Wallace, the British naturalist who was the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of organic evolution by natural selection, made his crucial theoretical leap while in the grip of fever in the East Indies.

While other big killers have taken central symbolic roles in literature - tuberculosis in Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain, cancer in Somerset Maugham's The Razor's Edge, syphilis in Gertrude Stein's The American Review, the term AIDS, despite its curious etymology, has become a central symbol of modernity. Later this month, however, a book is published that may change that. Anthony Gosh's The Chazotte Chromosome (Picador, £15.99) is an extremely ingenious novel about malaria research, often set in New York looking for clues to events a century before in India, The Chazotte Chromosome combines the suspense of a Victorian melodrama with the fascination of a scientific thriller.

The plot turns on one of the most bizarre episodes in the history of medicine. This is the Be warned, it may make you feel a little feverish. discovery, in 1917, by a Viennese neurologist called Julius Wagner von Jauregg, that it is possible to treat tertiary syphilis - which is resistant to chemotherapy - by infecting patients with a benign form of malaria (being a common parasite term); the resulting fever raises the body temperature to a point where the spirochete, the corkscrew-shaped micro-organism that causes syphilis, cannot survive.

In Gosh's novel this discovery is made earlier, in Calcutta, in the laboratory of another malaria pioneer: Ronald Ross, the eccentric and contentious genius - as Desowitz describes him in The Malaria Capers - who was the first to discover the means of transmission of the malaria parasite from host to host by mosquito. The syphilis connection is not made by Ross, however, but by his mysterious laboratory assistant. And in Gosh's version, the ill became a cure for more than syphilis. The world is turned upside down: the researcher is manipulated by his experimental subject; the disease becomes a remedy; and an appropriately syphilis-infected doctor, the old gods return. With this novel, malaria may be said to have found its place in literature. Be warned, though, it may make you feel a little feverish.

صحة من الامل

Arts

Photographer Larry Clark's exhibition Kids inspired his controversial film of the same name. Jonathan Romney surveys a binge of sex and drugs and skateboarding

Postcards from a teenage wasteland

PHOTOGRAPHER Larry Clark made his reputation in the 1970s as a documenter of American teenage life. His 1975 film *Kids* is a candid, unflinching look at the lives of a group of teenagers in a small town in California. The film is a masterpiece of observational cinema, capturing the raw, unfiltered reality of teenage life. Clark's photography is equally powerful, often depicting the same subjects in a more intimate, personal way. His work is a testament to the power of visual storytelling.



Clark's art: or the clarity of the stage and the way it is put together by a young man, until they match the faint specifications. (An employee of their second company, Virginia, has gone so far as to consider that an ad was "the catalyst" for their meeting.) Nevertheless, it is a genuine call to arms, inviting a whole lot of people to join in the fight against anyone who might be interested in the time of the day. It is a call to arms, inviting a whole lot of people to join in the fight against anyone who might be interested in the time of the day. It is a call to arms, inviting a whole lot of people to join in the fight against anyone who might be interested in the time of the day.

Artyfacts

WANNABE Friends with chart-topping Spice Girls? Don't talk about "Take That." Still less Bananarama. These women are serious musicians, artists and feminist business people. Not a formula band put together with ruthless cynicism like assembling accessories for Rock Chick Barbie. Two versions of their original have appeared in print: the busily concocting account of how they met at drama school and shared a humble fan while performing



their art: or the clarity of the stage and the way it is put together by a young man, until they match the faint specifications. (An employee of their second company, Virginia, has gone so far as to consider that an ad was "the catalyst" for their meeting.) Nevertheless, it is a genuine call to arms, inviting a whole lot of people to join in the fight against anyone who might be interested in the time of the day.



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The Guardian Friday August 9 1996

Beaker people

The Total Package: The Meaning of Boxes, Bottles, Cans and Tubes by Thomas Hine 289pp, Little Brown, £16.99

Packages can be conceived as a deliberate, half-controlled continuation between themselves and their contents. Between promise and reality, between (if you like, and John Keats did "beauty and truth") this book includes a discussion of that address to a proto-package, Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Though with greater intensity and higher expectations than a child reading a cereal box at the breakfast table, Keats expresses a similar faith that a container can "tell more than what's merely inside" — and sometimes it doesn't tell even that.

Most of this book is concerned with capsule-like histories of the triumphs of containment. These are sometimes technical achievements: the liberation of the glass industry from the closed-shop of canning, the crucial invention of the paper bag (I) and the cardboard box (II), of rubber, of the shopping trolley, of Cellophane, the aerosol, the microwave and the Tropicana (the dairy milk carton). Otherwise these narratives are commercial plot, branding tales: Quaker, Marlboro, Pepsi, Coca-Cola, Heinz ketchup. Epic heroics like these are essentially compromised. Like some of the words of visual art, but some of them — like Andy Warhol's Campbell's soup tins, the Bass ale bottle in Manet's *Bar* or the folie Bergère, or most notably, the Pez dispenser in Sir John Millar's *Bubbles* — have found their way into works of art. The toughest into these, meanwhile, was developed from the tubes used to contain artists' paint.

Thomas Hine's history and genealogy of packaging (the "signposts of advertisement") could say such matters that he goes deeper to home — or to Spenser's, he is working in an already established tradition: recently there have been special histories of the pencil and the zip. We live in an age of the product as icon and the material of ordinary life is one of the most reverberating areas of cultural study. It is almost as if this had appeared as an antidote to the increasing abstraction or exclusion of class, church and state, war, land tenure, city and country. Others might

say it just represents the "victory" of capitalism — the idea of human sensibility frozen into an object. The 36,000 packages that we encounter in the average supermarket, Hine says, have a double burden: both to contain the product and to accelerate its purchase. Sometimes this mechanism is open (those transparent windows on pasta packets), at other times the wrapping is a cunning disguise. At once exciting and reassuring, packages add value to products. They protect from contamination and spillage, they can offer an economy or a premium look. They standardise distribution and, as a concrete brand vehicle, unity marketing at the point of sale and back in the home. For something that seems supplementary, they turn out to be central.

The Lowrey

WAGANAMA, a noodle bars by appointment to London's "point-and-click" generation, have a new item on the menu: the two restaurants will soon be returning extracts of *Tommy's* futuristic novel *Mosley's*. From his very adventures in *Capitall* (Secker and Warburg, £12.99),



THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Coke classic: the shape is said to derive from a fertility symbol

The Guardian Friday August 9 1996

Books 9

Paperbacks

Nicholas Lezard

Figure's Progress: A Social History of Man and Disease, by Arno Karlen (Indigo, £8.99) Exquisitely verified account of the plagues that have stalked us since prehistory. Or British-run India, which linked seething cities by new transport systems, Karlen writes poetically: "If a waterborne microbe could dream, this is what it would dream of." Those of a hypochondriac disposition would do well to avoid this book for it is horribly compulsive and, as Karlen points out, we are experiencing a surge of new viruses and maybe even germs wipe out a quarter of the world's population. A big hello to Henricus purpuric fever.

The Path to Power, by Margaret Thatcher (Faber/Collins, £9.99) More than interesting than *The Downing Street Years* — not that that's saying much. Here we get to know the real Maggie, and let me assure you, not that you need any such assurance. It is not a pretty sight. Her imperious self-belief, of course, is a part of what is packaged? Or is it her megalomania that stands in, only in a negative, for what is her megalomania? Some foods, like her, are consumed or feared of God's nuts and fruits are packages in themselves. Hine doesn't quite forge a connection one might make here, between the thought doctrine of Transubstantiation — probably why? For if this book has a fault, it is a sort of *Samurai* glaze in the profile of packaging and its most basic. One of the problems is that because it is at the very start of the history of culture and exposure — almost anything can be a package. Hine himself points out package history's debt to biology (eggs, pods, tins, clam shells, cellular structure). The shape of the classic Coke bottle is said to have an affinity with recent heraldic symbols. Keats, in another poem, "To Sleep," makes a more daring comparison — the soul itself, as vessel, package empty — as he urges the dozy one to "turn the key dully in the old wards, / And seal the hushed casket of my soul."

Burne, by Anthony Burgess (Penguin, £2.99) A novel written (possibly) in *1939*, about a quishing, ornamental, mediocre composer and artist, with one of his sons, a priest on a mission to establish Latin as Europe's new lingua franca. The artist who said that this is the book to read if you want to know what Burgess is all about was right: and despite old traditions where the form seems strangled, this is a superb conclusion to an extraordinary oeuvre. It can be enjoyed nearly, though: "And while man go to pieces, as we've seen / In overlanded trash by Graham Greene."

The Printer's Devil: A Magazine of New Writing, Issue 11 (£2.99, East Sussex 0NS 3 LAE, Tel/Fax 01273 720864) This is the magazine which carries the full version of *That Mooncycled Nuthier*. Interview with Julie Birchill. However, you think of her, the rest of the issue has having a bit of moment. There's a nice paragonistic story about having sex with the Devil, two poems by Paul Farley, which are so good that at first I thought I was hallucinating, and an editorial on *Quixote*. How about the wacky, wise-cracking Robin Williams? Good morning, I'm Mantha!

of price, or whether it would be full of grubs and wasps. Hine connects this sense of trust with the rise of Puritanism, with the emphasis on a personal relationship with God, and it does seem significant that many of the great early industrial packages (such as Andrew Crowell, who made Quaker oats a household name) were of that ilk. But the package, with its combination of display and concealment, can also be and service and subvert. Hine traces the rise of Argyle and Inflation, the development of legislation for fair measures and representation of content, and for nutrition information. He touches, too, on legitimate global packaged services concepts like McDonald's and Holiday Inn, the "packaging" of politicians, and on the user-interface of computers: DOS, Windows, Macintosh, which is the true Penelope? In all of these areas, the key note struck (or not) is that of authenticity — frost again.

THAT MOONCYCLED NUTHIER by Ian, Shades of Nine covers a day. Let's hit could well be the favour of the month.

CLARE NAYTOR, formerly a secretary at the said Secker, has just had a chunk of roman-ficton bought by Hodder. In a two-book deal worth £75,000, Naytor has now been whisked off to Hollywood to collaborate on a script with Martin Scorsese and Tom Cruise. Her boss at Secker received her resignation

this was flagged to the Getty Museum after a public appeal to keep them in the country. Deeply dismayed, then an expert bar was stepped on, then a further appeal raised enough to get the *USA* and Edinburgh, with the help of a Jewish contribution from John Paul Getty II — until Mr Clifford almost blew it with an ill-timed suggestion that JPE II didn't get on with his father, and was prepared to pay handsomely to keep the naked ladies out of his museum. After an apology even more handsome than the donation, the grant arrived and so did the ladies. Now Mr Clifford

know all about the origins of the Spice Girls. Yes, a small ad did figure in it. No, he couldn't say any more. Virgin record company has since over a year ago, for "a significant sum". Yes.

TIMOTHY Clifford must walk to work, every morning at the National Gallery of Scotland mulling "Dout" mention in the *Daily*. And should his eyes fall on the slightly handsome of the Three Graces, currently beautifying his galleries, he probably takes a won of total silence. You will recall that the Clonova sculp-

than Washington Square and the skateboard crowd, we really have no idea what we're looking at, or what the picture might be about to tell us. We don't even know what relationships his subjects have with each other: they could all be one big gang, companions for a single day's passing traffic who will never meet again. In one picture a bespectacled black guy of indeterminate age smiles broadly in a heady middle with a young boy, maybe 10. Both carry skateboards. It could be a cosy message of cross-generational togetherness, all ages and races in one groove; they could both be rich kids slumming, but then either could have walked out the griminess of some Brazilian favela; they could be father and son, or best buddies, or lovers. We tend to suspect the worst, because we habitually suspect the worst about Clark himself.

In another exhibition at this gallery, Philip-Lorca diCorcia's Hollywood photos show LA hustlers inventing their own fantasy identities — Marilyn, Savage Beauty, Clark's adolescents, by contrast, find security by burying their individuality — hardly news in youth culture. What's interesting about these pictures, however, is that they don't romanticise or dehumanise. They present themselves as dispassionate reportage. And where is foreign correspondent Clark in all this? In one front-page portrait, posing in front of a sign for the *Shirley Stone*, in front of open sea and sky — some way from the kids who go him there.

At the photographer's gallery, London WC2 (44-17-481 1772).



BOOKS

Vladimir's toys

The Stories of Vladimir Nabokov

663pp, Weidenfeld, £25

James Wood

Vladimir Nabokov, thank fully, did not bounce into genius fully-formed; he spent some fairly clumsy time playing with toys, and this volume provides the evidence.

Nabokov wrote short stories from the mid-1920s until the late 1930s — as are gathered here. Most of these were written in Russia under the pen-name Vladimir Shirin, and composed in Berlin and in the south of France, before Nabokov's flight to America in 1940. His best-known stories — best-known because of their appearance in a lovely book called *Nabokov's Dozen* (1939) — were written in English. In America a new audience and language must have pricked his talent into fresh sensations, for these later stories are incontestably finer than the earlier ones.

A surprising number of Nabokov's early stories do not rise above the sentimental or comfortingly nostalgic — they are odes for the nooping *émigré* animal. Berlin, where the young Nabokov was scraping a living as a writer and teacher, had a large Russian *émigré* population. Its leading writer, whom Nabokov publicly praised but privately disliked, was Ivan Bunin, a delicately lyrical poet of exile. But to judge from the stories

collected here, Nabokov learned much from Bunin's milder tales. Several of Nabokov's plots are sharply reminiscent of Bunin's, and one of his best, "Spring in Fialia", echoes Bunin's story, "Late Hour". In both, a man returns to a dreamy Russian town after years away, and is stunned by memories of an old love affair.

Many of the stories that Nabokov wrote in his twenties and thirties have a soft, conventional vagueness that betrays the somnolence of a writer who is unable to what dilettantish, *fin-de-siècle* sensibility that once adorned Chekhov for exact and unsparring Chekhov for prosaicism). The situations these tales establish are hackneyed. Nabokov's flight to America in 1940. His best-known stories — best-known because of their appearance in a lovely book called *Nabokov's Dozen* (1939) — were written in English. In America a new audience and language must have pricked his talent into fresh sensations, for these later stories are incontestably finer than the earlier ones.

He is at his most moving when noticing a chance detail

This, by Nabokov's gorgeous late standards, is artful. By the time of stories such as "Spring in Fialia" (1938), "Cloud, Castle, Lake" (1937) and "First Love" (1948) this prose has become a delicate needle, scratching its minute registrations of loss and gain on the graph of exile. In "First Love", Nabokov revisits, in one of his favourite vignettes, the all-seemingly widow of the sleeper train from Paris to the Riviera.

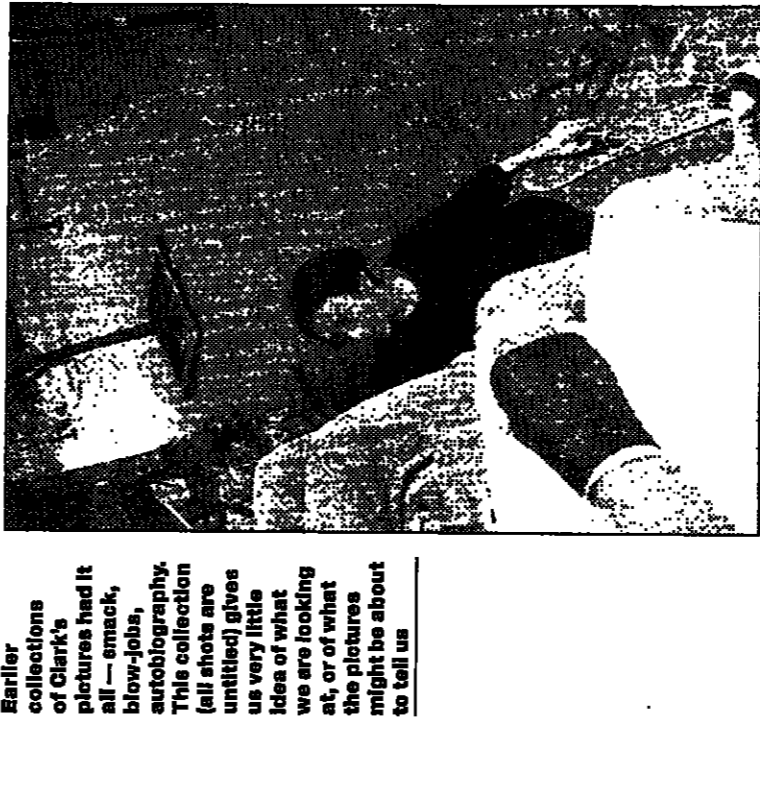
By now, remembrance has become a fetish. In Nabokov's first novel in English, *The Eye* (1928), *Invitation to a Beheading* (1941), *Invitation to a Beheading* (1941), Nabokov says: "A person who fails to notice in a hurry is to me a monument." In his beautiful story "Cloud, Castle, Lake", Nabokov had already sent out a character — "my representative" the narrator calls him — to notice everything with "his precious, experienced eyes". In "First Love", Nabokov remembers Bershtel, and the prose has the density of desperation. It is almost neurotically lovely. On the promenade near the Casino, an elderly flower-girl, with carbon eyebrows and a painted smile, nimbly slipped the plump torso of a carman into the buttonhole of an intercepted traveller whose left jaw accentuated its royal folt as he glanced down sideways at the toy insertion of the flower.

It is a commonplace to link Nabokov's religion of ret-level Russian past orsed in a swiye of ideology. A commonplace because he reminds us so often of child hood. But Nabokov is most moving not just when his writing is innocent, preserving detail, but when — as Richard Barry has suggested — the noticing of a chance detail makes a stand against the crudity of blindness when noticing contracts themselves who do not notice. "First Love" offers an exquisite example. Nabokov is describing his family party that travelled abroad in 1903. He offers this parenthetical: "The old one of our party, my father's valet, Oleg (whom, as a decade later, the pedantic Bolsheviks were to stomp, because he appropriated them or they stole instead of turning them over to the nation)."

What is powerful here is the high ornamented understatement. Nabokov was not, because, once the Nabokov family fled, he kept the boys' bicycles for himself. Nabokov enjoys the irony of that pompous, overblown verb "appropriated" (the kind of verb that the Bolsheviks might use). But the genius of the sentence lies in the adjective "pedantic". Here Nabokov uses his aristocratic dilettantism to flick off the Bolsheviks as if they were nothing more than clumsy servants — overzealous, pedantic. This is moving, for we learn, three words later, where their "pedantry" ended up. And this word gains extra strength from our sense that it is Nabokov himself who is being pedantic here. He is being pedantic for insisting on using the word "pedantic"; his very precision of language is deliciously pedantic.

The pedantry of noticing, the exquisite observation, the politesse of preservation — here, in one of Nabokov's finest stories, buried in one of his finest sentences, is the justification of his humane politesse and a key to this entire art.

James Wood is a senior editor at the *New Republic* magazine in Washington.



Earlier collections of Clark's pictures had it all — amuck, blow-jobs, autobiography. This collection (all shots are unedited) gives us very little idea of what we are looking at, or of what the pictures might be about to tell us

water Hall, the 422-million venue which opens with a Halle concert next month. The pobble is a Carrara marble sculpture by the Japanese artist Ken Yasuda, funded by Manchester City Council and Manchester Airport, with the inevitable support of the Lottery. White marble, says Yasuda, "is like an old dream which becomes true, perhaps like the dream which was the historical vision of the city of Manchester. The abstract form will exactly express the spirit and natural force, the courage and hope of the city." Inspiring stuff, particularly since it was written before the the bomb went off.

PERHAPS the Getty Museum would like a nice pebble as a consolation prize? Several people in Manchester would be delighted to arrange delivery. This is a prize among pebbles, an 18-tonne pebble which has just been lowered into place outside the Bridge-

The men from the ministry

showing off, they are the benchmark by which every other armed force in the world judge themselves. Having savoured this judgment, he fired off another. "If the British industry was run like the services," he enormously roared. "We would be bloody Japan." Subsequent installments should make his small-documented pearl of that station's recording equipment. "In our armed forces in this country, if I may say so, he boomed, "we are hugely blessed. Truly, without the series.

OLITICIANS, said R H S Crossman, are rather like fishermen, with civil servants will still be there and up to their necks in the muck. You need an even more complicated metaphor for the Ministry of Defence which is run not by a duality but by a trinity: politicians, civil servants and the hard-nosed, close-shaven, jutting-jawed men from the military.

Top Brass, the first instalment in Richard Bradley's *The Defence of the Realm* (BBC), was full of their careful mapping the civil servants were pure, considered, and ably assisted by ministers' roles, of expertise that no politician is ever going to attain. The military men were practical, terse, but demonstrably humane. The most prominent, as you'd expect, was Peter Jigs, Chief of the Defence Staff, and a very good bet to emerge as the star of the series. When he takes off his hat, he reveals the kind of enormous tussled dome one associates with abbots. "I don't use the words optimism and balance in the same breath now," he confided as news came in from Bosnia, though only as a preliminary to a devious burst of hope.

The politicians did their best to look wise and judicious in the face of all this superior knowledge. Malcolm Rifkind put his fingers in his mouth as he listened to them, either because his head was full of deep original thoughts, or because he wanted people to think it was. Michael Portillo, who had taken over from Rifkind by the end of the programme, had not yet got into this mouthy though his mouth did twitch suggestively at one point. Nicholas Soames, when not chording, seemed to be sucking everything, passively drawing on pens and once, at a moment of high excitement, appearing to take a drag on the TV control.

One wondered what his superiors made of Soames. Not that he failed to acknowledge his junior status to Rifkind ("one of the most brilliant minds in the Government"), then to Portillo ("formidably able man"). But Soames is a sort-of-military man in the way that Rifkind and Portillo are not, and didn't just keep rubbing it in. Somehow he kept finding occasions to refer to his time at Mons. (It should perhaps have been pointed out that the Mons referred to was not an epic encounter of world war one but an Officer Cadet School in Aldershot.) Inevitably when we got to Bosnia, one of the field commanders turned out to be Soames's cousin.

As a fly-on-the-wall exercise, *Defence Of The Realm* looks like raising fewer eyebrows, or blurt than *The House*. There is no one here even half as unbuttoned as, say, the abrasive Royal Opera House director of corporate affairs Keith Cropper. In Michael Waldman's series, *The Joy Of The House* was the way people behaved as if they'd been woken from feeling the real tough stuff would take place when the crews had gone. There were hard decisions to be taken on commit-

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Music

After rescuing British pop music from an all-time low, Suede disappeared, overtaken by the movement they invented. Now they're back — as Brett Anderson tells Caroline Sullivan

Shoo, Suede blues!

BRETT'S got to do some promotion in Paris on Tuesday so how about if you went to Paris and met Brett on the train back to London, and you can talk to him there," said Suede's bassist, Paul Ryder. "Would that be all right?"

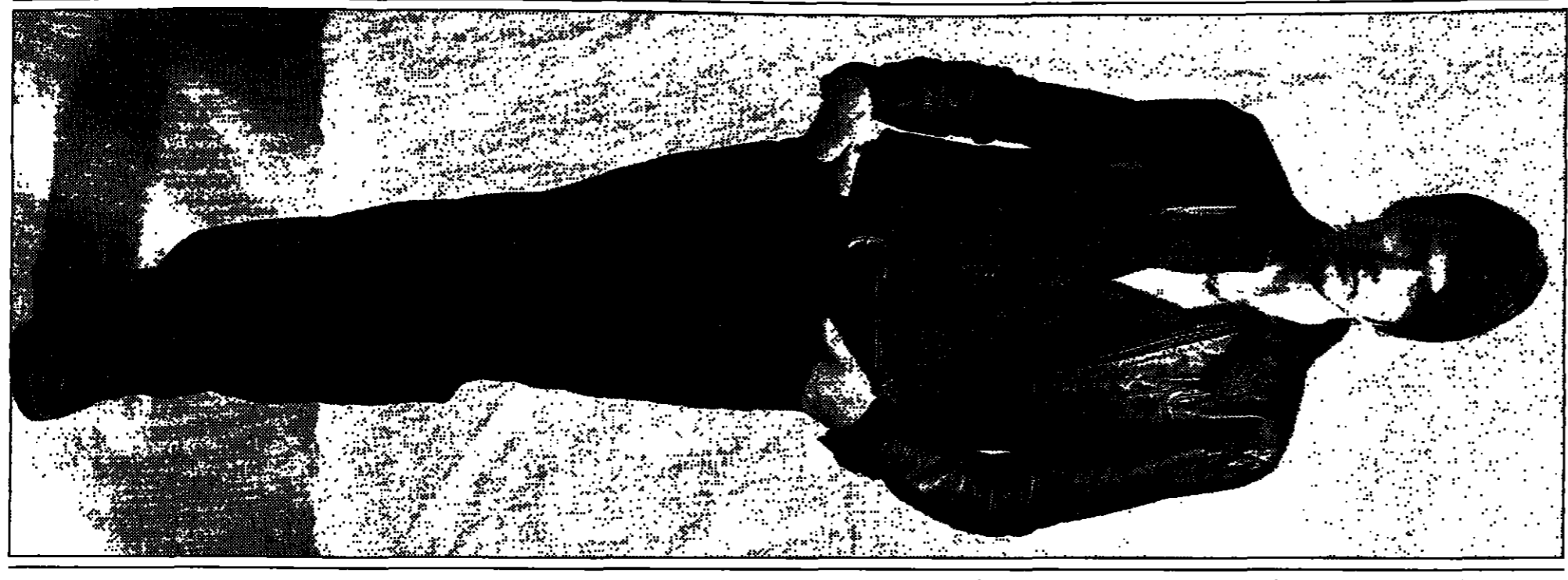
It would be all right. Plenty of girls not to mention a good few boys would get the vapours at the very idea of sitting next to Suede's singer Brett Anderson on the Eurostar for three hours. And what a ride it promises to be — northern France, the Channel, all embraced by Anderson, whose ravaged beauty and handsome voice the young David Byrne, best of all, had the shaka next to him for the whole journey with an escape, unless he felt like getting out at Ashford. It's a lonely job, but someone's got to do it.

Except, inevitably, it didn't happen. The train left Gate 4A North with no trace of Anderson. It's not as if he would have been hard to spot, looking "like Patsy Kensit's dissolute brunette brother." The publisher's last words come back: "He's much more reliable these days — you used to have to hunt him down in Paris in whatever bar and planes would be cancelled at the last minute." Well, he'd obviously had a relapse.

At which point the conductor materialised with a fax: "Brett has regrettably been recalled to London early due to the house being vandalised with threatening anti-Suede graffiti. Hope you had a nice day." Eighteen hours later, at the Top Of The Pops studio in Ebbw Vale, where Suede were playing their new single, "Treat" (originally known as Pisspot), Sam Gopal of Nide Records elaborated: "These two foreign so-called fans wanted him to let them into his flat, and he wouldn't, so the next day they painted things like Brett might die all over his windows and door and sprayed his address all over Lady Brooke Grove." That Anderson excites such passion is nothing new. Suede's camp glamour is a beacon for extremists of all persuasions, and the drug-taking, wild-squinting Anderson is ground zero. Now that the group have ended an 18-month break, during which they neither released records nor gave interviews, Anderson will again be the subject of fanatical attention. It's just the way it is — Oasis who preside over the Britpop movement, Suede invented, have fans, but Anderson has fanatics.

They seem to have become even more obsessive since guitarist Bernard Butler left on highly acrimonious terms after the release of the last album, 1994's Dog Man Sea. One of the contributors' grievances, Butler/Anderson divorces in circumstances that both still refuse to discuss. Butler has since released a much-praised LP with soulster David McAlmont.

"Nothing's done has set me on



fire, but I'm past the stage of wanting to criticise him. That whole change in our history is so foggy in my head that it's like remembering childhood," says Brett, thus dismissing at a stroke the partnership that revived British music by reintroducing the three-minute pop song.

He's much chatter on the subject of Butler's replacement, Dorset-born Richard Oakes. Little Dick co-wrote most of the next album, *Coming Up* (out in September), and "much more up" than the richly embroidered Dog Man, and Anderson claims the child is Butler's equal. As the latter is widely considered to be the best English guitarist of his generation, that's a bit hard to swallow. Oakes can indisputably play as Trash's glibly power-chords prove, but can he write melodies that stand up to Anderson's paeans to sex, drugs and squallor?

"Dicko" is no longer the naive 17-year-old who joined nearly two years ago, but he's still feisty. Over chips in the studio canteen, he ventures the odd remark about Eastenders, then retreats behind wings of long black hair. During breaks in the taping, he hangs around with the other new members, keyboardist Neil Cording.

Anderson more than compensates, however. When I'm finally ushered into his presence, he's watching a TV monitor showing Robbie Williams rehearsing downstairs. "So talented," Brett says crudely. When Williams returns to his dressing room, next door to Suede's, the two men joust each other; the new one takes Williams seriously but Gabsen does, making several cuts to check the progress of the ex-Fade Theatre's single, which came out the same day as "Treat." As it happens, Williams makes it to number two, having a crush in three places.

Anderson is a shiny and hand-some these days, more Ziggy Stardust, albeit in an extremely understated, then Patsy Kensit when he had the press circuit, in early 1986. He wears well, he smells, he's nicely and debased, he's contemplative, he looks damn abuse. In photos he looks strikingly unbuttoned next to John-Chenka-Dicko, making you wonder if Mrs Oakes was doing the right thing letting her like boy join.

Anderson agrees, enthusiastically studying a picture of himself from that time. He says, "I was in a bit of a state. Then I saw, looking like a pig. But it was a necessary period for me to go through, because I was sick of my personality. I couldn't be bothered to go through the hoops of doing my hair properly and doing all the hairbrushes. Plus, we were in a state of confusion, because a member had just left and we didn't know whether to split up or tour the LP and I decided to tour the LP."

I think I can say without being a deluded idiot that Britpop was started by us, and now I don't want anything to do with it!

Interviewed by Caroline Sullivan

months because it just makes you confused, and it's a nice to be straight for the moment. One makes you just sit there and want to have sex, which is probably what it's for. But I fully intend to take drugs again at some time in the future. I've always maintained that everything I've done with drugs is an experiment to further creativity."

His appearance in the post-Butler period caused Damon Albarn to claim he was a junkie, which still enrages him. "Stupid people talk about shit. At least I'm not some Cockney-squawker East End lad, or pretending to be, like some people."

Sturdy, the sentiments aren't tempered by the fact that Albarn lives with Anderson's former girlfriend, Justine Friskenham of Blur, of whom he is still fondly remembered. "We lived together for years, and most of the time was spent in the bath, talking. She likes a chat, does Justine. I never thought she'd end up fronting a big band."

They must have been some couple, the middle-class architect's daughter and the son of a Liseloving cable who still works Hayward's Heath station.

Brett and his sister, her name named after the Liseloving band — were atypical working-class kids. Brett spent "most of my life turning away from things" who were drawn into the ties to what Noel Gallagher, no. 1 describes as Anderson's "hump-wristed arty-fartiness."

These, though, were the very qualities that led Melody Maker to proclaim Suede the Best New Band in Britain in 1992, before they'd released a record. It's hard to remember, but before Suede, British pop was at its lowest commercial ebb in 30 years. Singles sold so poorly there was talk of discontinuing the format.

Either anonymous Suede their essentialist's pop and their inspired soundbites (Anderson refuses to discuss the most famous — "I'm a bisexual who's never had a homosexual experience," and as to whether he has "ever tried it, that way," as an early song put it: "That's completely out of bounds"). In short, other they amassed 42 hours covers the first album going gold in two days.

But having inadvertently opened the door for Oakes and the boys, Suede were rather left in the lurch. Anderson is now distributing his own self-produced LPs without being a deluded idiot that Britpop was anything to do with it. People say: "You must not put on the rewards of hitpop," and I think what a great escape.

Accordingly, the new album gives its own way with a larynx wiggling in the week. So to the band, whose October tour includes a date at London's K2000 National, did closed since 1988 following massive overbooking. At yes, a Suede show.

Anderson is pushing 39, old enough to be himself, however unloving that self is. He owns up to having that mistress of dopey-mass, Kate Bush. He discusses in a mush when talking about his cat, Fiddlington, the dig sex, "but I haven't got into the holy sphere of latic sex, and all that," he says with an unexpectedly Gallagher-esque leer. Suede are back. Go slay 'em, Brett.

Coming Up is released on September 2 on Nones. Suede's UK tour begins on September 30 in Aberdeen.

Music | 7

In a league of his own: Igor Stravinsky rehearsing in 1966

emancipation of pulse and rhythm 60 years earlier. It was a long journey through an ever-changing musical landscape which took Stravinsky physically through four countries, beginning in pre-revolutionary Russia, and ending in the United States, where he settled at the start of the second world war.

It is of course his early masterpieces, especially the five that he wrote for Diaghilev: *The Fire of Purification* and *The Rite of Spring*, that have established his reputation as one of the most original and powerful composers of the 20th century. But there are still new works from all periods in his life that remain to be heard.

The 1992 opera *Mavra*, a farewell to his Russian heritage composed in an exile from the revolution in France, is hardly ever heard, let alone staged, many of the major non-classical scores are part of the daunting repertoire, but the 1954 *Agon* is an aching less often than it deserves. And though the Proms include a performance of the compressed version of the biblical *Creation*, written in 1962 for television, the rare works have never established themselves. Even *Agon*, a ballet masterpiece from 1957, to be ranked at least alongside *Petrushka* and *Apollo*, is only a fixture in the ballet repertoire, its place ensnared by George Balanchine's wonderful choreography. But pieces like *Treat*, his first completely serial score, the iconoclastic *Movements for piano and Requiem Canticles*, which took back over 60 years to the liturgy of the Russian Orthodox church, remain virtually unknown.

Without a grasp on these late pieces especially, the full breadth of Stravinsky's creativity is hard to delineate. Everything he touched he made his own; even Puccini's 1924 reworking of *Porgy and Bess* that made the whole of his, and everyone else's, *paraphrase* possible, sounds modern, 20th-century, and could have been conceived by one who spent his early years in the turning joints, after that epilepsy there was no going back. But then there was never any going back. Stravinsky's music, always new, went forward, always, and always triumphantly, in the end.

Sir Alexander On Op. 141, *Stravinsky: Op. 141 at the Royal Albert Hall*, Kensington, London, on Saturday 4pm. The Soudier's fee is £30pm. The Fairy's fee is £30pm. Conductor and Music, All-in tickets available. Booking on +44-171-589 8212



Stravinsky single-handedly altered the course of the 20th century's musical history. Andrew Clements applauds the Proms for devoting an entire day to his work

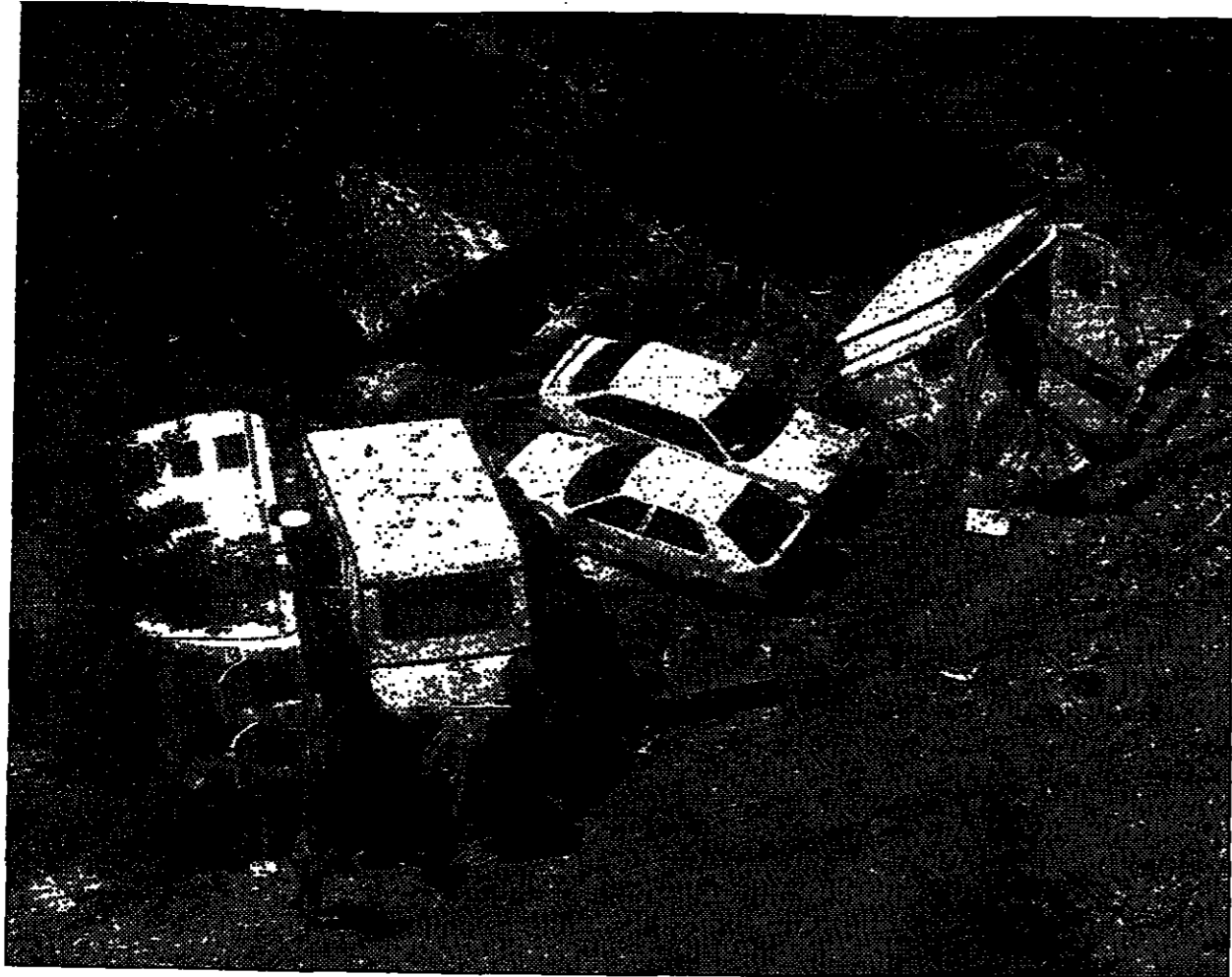
Better than all the rest

IF arguments about who are the most important composers of the 20th century — Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Debussy, Bartok, and others — have started already, and are likely to carry on well into the next millennium without any real threat of a debutant, then the most likely contender to do with it, people say, is Igor Stravinsky. He is above the discussion, for Stravinsky will be the first name down on every list.

There is no one else in our era whose achievement has been so immense and so varied, no one whose work has so completely defined the whole history of music, who has altered its course as drastically in a single work as he did in 1913 with the premiere of *The Rite of Spring*. And there is no major composer whose career underwent so many changes of direction yet who managed to stay so true to himself, never writing a single bar of music that was not imprinted with his distinctive personality. On Sunday, the Proms celebrate his centenary with a three-concert spanning his output — and it's hard to think of anyone who deserves that accolade more thoroughly.

If Stravinsky began his composing career as a paradigm of modernism — one of the joiners, along with Debussy and the Secessionist Schoenberg, who took

- THE PROMS**
- The Fire of Purification**
Igor Stravinsky (1909)
London Philharmonic/Neelken
London Symphony/Matthews
(Philips Duo 438 350-2) (two CDs)
- The Diaghilev Ballets established him as a pioneer of modernism, together with Apollo, a masterpiece of his neoclassical phase.**
- Les Noceurs**
Igor Stravinsky (1929)
English Bach Festival/Bernstein
(Cuevas Gramophone 423 251-2)
- Les Noceurs is the most exuberant celebration of the Russianness, the**
- Mass a strange, ascetic product of the 1940s.
- The Rake's Progress**
Igor Stravinsky (1946)
Von Otter/Colson/Swedish Radio/Salonen (Sony Classical SK 48057)
- Perhaps the most imposing and intense of his stage works with music of ritualised power.**
- Symphonies of Wind Instruments**
Igor Stravinsky (1947)
Suisse Romande/Matthews
(Cuevas Gramophone 417 068-2)
- The Symphonies of Wind Instruments is a masterpiece. The two neoclassical symphonies present him as the all-American composer.**
- Ugaredo**
Igor Stravinsky (1947-52)
Suisse Romande/Matthews
(Cuevas Gramophone 417 068-2)
- The ballet Agon is neglected on disc, but this is a wonderful introduction to his spare musical world**



The flood left crushed cars where once there were trees and a tangled mass of bicycles (below) belonging to victims, whose bodies were picked from the debris yesterday by an army of rescue workers

PHOTOGRAPHS (below and right), JAVIER BELVER

Tears fill the muddy void carved out by the deluge

'They're there, I know it. She was holding on tight, and my little one'

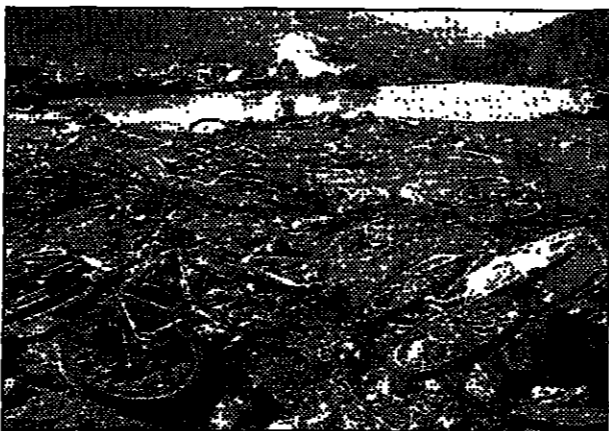
Juan Carlos de la Cal at Virgen de las Nieves campsite

WHAT until yesterday was the Las Nieves campsite is now a desolate place. A bomb site, an earthquake, Apocalypse Now rolled into one. Soldiers, police, ambulances, helicopters taking off and landing continually.

Rivers where once were plains, crushed cars instead of trees, fallen trees in place of caravans. And rocks, thousands of rocks.

The half-light of early morning reveals dozens of silhouettes staggering amid the remnants of the catastrophe. Some look for their cars. Others for the spot where they pitched their tents. Some seek their children. Nobody responds to their calls.

The silhouette of a woman stands out clearly in the mud. She is face down and has something in her arms. She moves. But nobody doubts that she is dead. When they turn the body over, life stirs miraculously. The baby, barely two months old, is alive. Its eyes are shut and it spits mud from its little mouth.



Its mother does not want to let her go. Although her heart has stopped beating, her arms still stoutly defend her child. With tears in their eyes the men separate the living from the dead.

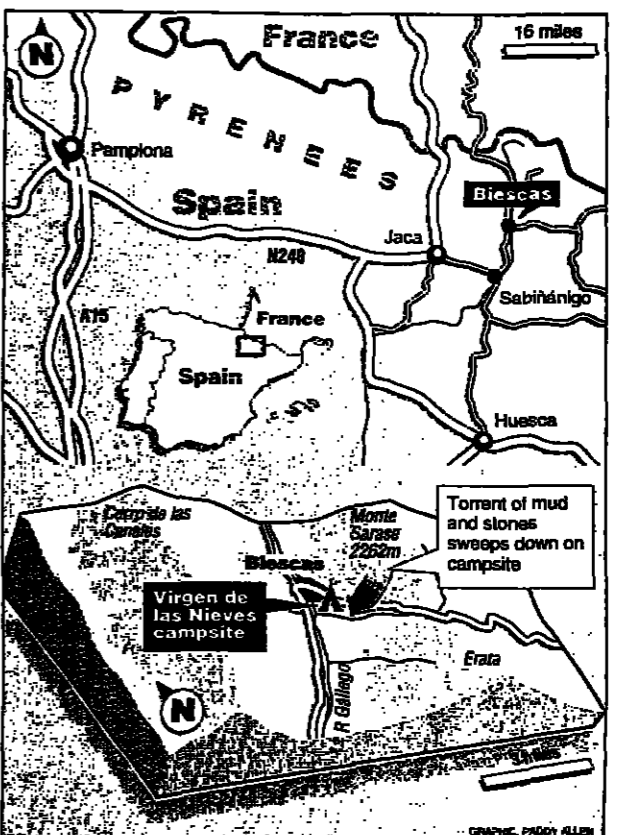
François, half-crazed, his clothes in tatters and his eyes open unnaturally wide, stops everyone he comes across on the road to show them the crumpled photo of his wife and daughter. He splutters their names in all the languages he knows. Desperately, he clutches the chest of the civil guard trying to calm

him. "No, no, leave me. They're there, I know it. In that tree. She was holding on tight and my little one..."

François falls silent. He looks on the point of tears, remembering how the water carried away his daughter. He shuts his eyes and lets himself be led away quietly to the car.

Carolina is the only one who seems mad with happiness. She was lucky. With her hair tangled in her eyes she hugs and kisses her dog which barely has the strength to wag its tail. She refuses to be separated from it. She calls it by its name, laughs hysterically, talks confusedly. Nobody knows anything about her, if she was alone or with others.

A man from Burgos searches among the shattered furniture without a word. He arrived this morning and has checked all the hospitals, hotels and reception centres in the area in a vain search for his three-year-old nephew. He looks fearfully to the bottom of the hillside. Something tells him that he is down there.



As the toll of holidaymakers killed on Wednesday when a flash flood smashed through a Spanish campsite rose to 67, correspondents look at the freak accident's aftermath

Tolls mount in Europe's freak storms

Paul Brown Environment Correspondent

A GROWING number of people across Europe are being killed by sudden flash-floods. In which heavy rain creates a lethal surge of water, rocks, trees and mud.

Although so-called freak storms — particularly heavy, localised thunderstorms — have always been part of the weather pattern, the destruction they cause has worsened in modern times, mainly because of human reshaping of the landscape.

To gain more land, planners direct rivers into channels too narrow to accommodate flooding, and build houses on flood plains. Where forests and alpine meadows used to soak up the rain and slow down flooding, natural vegetation — includ-

ing on mountains — has been cut down. New roads and tracks provide rapid run-off, and can increase water flows off the land by 200 per cent.

Soil erosion on disturbed mountainsides, particularly during intense, two-day rainstorms like the fatal one 2,800ft up in the Pyrenees, creates a series of dams in streams and ditches.

When one mini-dam bursts, a chain reaction can cause extraordinary devastation within minutes. Thousands of tonnes of mud and rock cascade down mountainsides, crushing cars and houses.

In Italy, southern France and Spain have been particularly prone to such floods in the past two to three years.

In north-east Italy yesterday, rescue workers said they evacuated nearly 100 people after a landslide filled dozens of homes with mud and stones. The slide followed tor-

rential rain on Wednesday night near the ski resort of Cortina D'Ampezzo in the Italian Alps.

Eleven people were killed in Tuscany in June, when ferocious storms caused mud-slides, and rivers burst their banks. Bridges and cars were swept aside and houses submerged.

In Spain last August, 11 people were killed in the central town of Yebrá after a sudden storm.

In January, more than 500 people were killed in 24 hours caused flash-floods in southern France that killed four people. Three of the dead were from one family. A brother and sister, aged 10 and 12, and their mother drowned when their caravan was swept away.

In November 1994, 33 people were killed in north-east Italy and southern France when storms swept through the

region, causing a series of landslides, and river bridges to be swept away.

The danger also exists in Britain after storms. The village of Polperro in Cornwall is prone to flash-flooding and uses a warning system. If a large amount of water is detected at higher levels in the river, it sets off a siren in the village. Polperro suffered a flash-flood a year-and-a-half ago, when the narrow river channel through the village overflowed.

Although there is no evidence that the recent floods in Europe have anything to do with climatic change, the increasing intensity of rainstorms has been predicted by the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, which reported in June. It says rain will fall in shorter bursts in much larger volumes, bringing the danger of sudden floods.

World news in brief

EU carpets Washington for anti-trade law

THE European Union lodged a formal protest with the United States yesterday against its anti-circumvention law imposing sanctions on foreign firms investing in Iran and Libya.

"The EU is taking the opportunity to express its unambiguous view that the kind of law and policy taken by the Americans as expressed in the D'Amato Act is completely unacceptable," an official said earlier. The delegation intended to warn that the EU would take appropriate retaliatory action if need be.

The D'Amato law, signed by President Clinton on Monday, has triggered a wave of protests from Washington's trading partners that it violates the right of governments to make their own policy.

Turkish Cypriots warn bikers' rally not to cross line

THE self-proclaimed Turkish Cypriot government warned yesterday that plans by Greek Cypriot and European motorcyclists to force their way across the United Nations-patrolled buffer zone on Sunday were a "blatant threat to peace".

Israeli justice minister quits

Israel's justice minister, Yaakov Neeman, resigned yesterday after the attorney general ordered a police probe into whether he had interfered with a legal investigation.

And the foreign minister, David Levy, threatened to leave Binayamin Netanyahu's coalition unless he received a greater say in Middle East peace talks. — AP.

Sickle cell finding

American researchers have found that bone marrow transplants can completely cure some sufferers of potentially-fatal sickle cell disease, writes Jan Katz in New York. According to a study in the

New England Journal of Medicine, 16 out of 22 children who had transplants were cured. However, two died and four rejected the transplants, which may only be suitable for around 1 per cent of sufferers.

Officials charged

Bangladesh authorities yesterday charged two customs officials in connection with the murder of a Briton of Bangladeshi origin, writes Arshad Mahmud in Dhaka. Straj Mla, a restaurant owner in London, was allegedly beaten by officials at Dhaka airport last May after an altercation.

Migrant vice trade

As many as 25,000 illegal immigrants, mostly from Albania, Nigeria and the former

Yugoslavia, have been forced into prostitution in Italy in the 1990s, the Catholic charity Caritas said in a report yesterday. Most were aged 14 to 18, it said. — Reuter.

Jobless protest

Hundreds of young jobless from the disputed Western Sahara region went to a demonstration yesterday in Rabat to press for jobs and social benefits. Moroccan riot police were deployed but said they had no plans to intervene. — Reuter.

Algerian blast

A home-made bomb yesterday exploded in a central Algiers coffee shop wounding at least seven, residents and security forces said. — Reuter.

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Avoiding Short shrift

If Tony is autocratic, why is Clare still in a job?

ARE CLARE SHORT'S criticisms of the Labour leadership correct? There is no neat answer. Some of them are and some of them are not. She is right to regret that Tony Blair's leadership style has become less inclusive than he once promised it would be.

particularly because the modern party has begun to lose touch with constructive ways in which that can be done. New Labour's high command is increasingly in danger of not listening to any messages which it has not drafted itself.

There is, though, a time and a place for grown-up politicians to do such things. Politics is a ruthless business, and the opposition parties are ranged against an immensely strong incumbent.

Testing time for nuclear ban

There is a way to confound the hawks and hypocrites

A COMPREHENSIVE test ban treaty (CTBT) is now tantalisingly near, yet far away from conclusion. Today, at the Geneva Conference on Disarmament (CD), negotiations re-open after a double defeat caused separately by India and China.

five is China. India's own twilight status as a threshold nuclear power, anxious lest a CTBT might cramp any move to overt nuclear weaponry in its future, weakens the moral force of its argument.

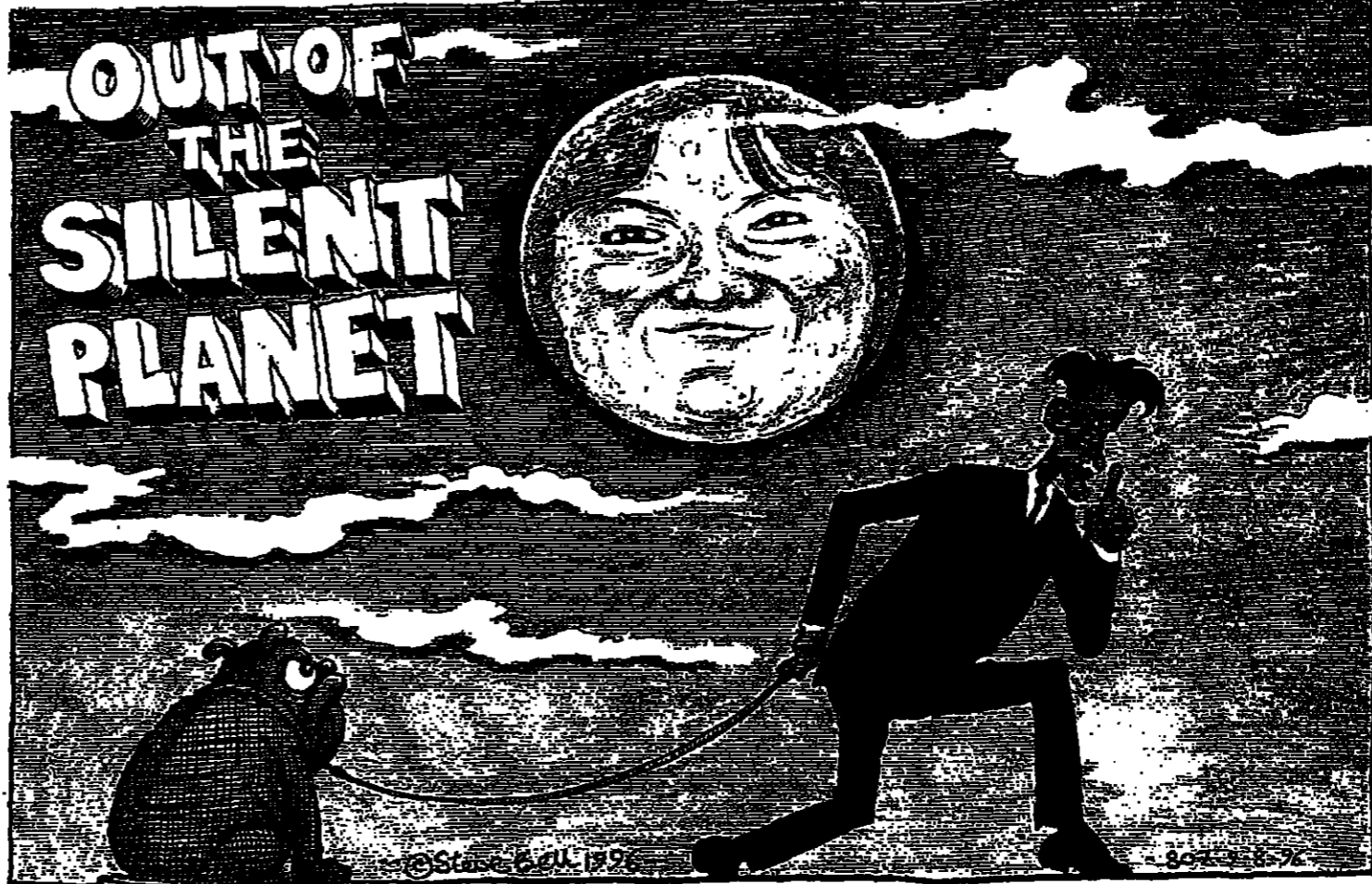
There are three possible ways out of the dilemma. One is that India will eventually change its mind. This is highly unlikely unless the whole strategic picture on the sub-continent is transformed first.

The high cost of name-dropping

Imitation can turn out to be the costliest form of flattery

IT IS time to congratulate Fortes. First, Forte UK, for dropping the action it planned to bring against a café in Winchester on the grounds that, by calling itself Forte Tearooms, it was threatening the business of the nearby Forte Crest hotel.

in the town would be putting up Harrods signs, and the town would from now on be calling itself Harrods. The locus classicus here is the case of the Morning Star, which tried to make the Daily Star call itself something else.



Letters to the Editor

Journeys into space

PAUL Davies claims (Letters to the Editor, August 8) that since around 500kg of Martian material reaches Earth every year, "the same thing is bound to happen in reverse".

THIS apparent discovery raises the possibility that, if two planets orbiting the same star can give rise to living organisms, then it is more likely than not that life is very common in this universe.

THERE is, of course, more to the story about the Martian fossil than meets the eye. It is, in fact, the first phase of a managed news story, agreed by both the terrestrial and Martian governments.

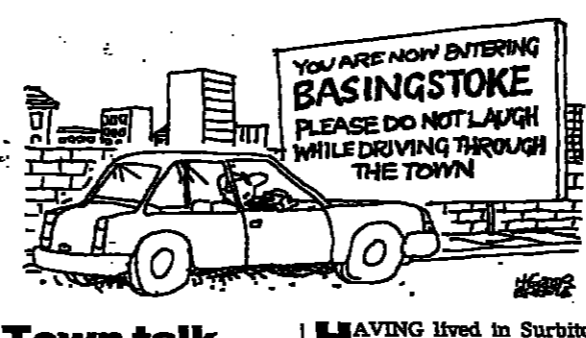
Yet another letters-page debate about the Member for Ladywood

CLARE Short's criticism of Party "advisers" to Tony Blair is timely (Short flays Blair's 'dark men', August 8). The Labour movement, in common with most of the population, is desperate for the return of a Labour government.

a little modifying herself. There was a time when the Labour Party was committed to "a publicly owned and publicly accountable" railway system.

Miracle cure

YOUR leader (Seeking justice for the Tigers, August 6) brings into sharp focus the issue of corruption, poverty, rich-poor gaps, and crime that plague the states of Asia.



Town talk

DAVID McKie (A history that bugs Bognor to this day, August 7) suggests that it was Noel Coward who decided the name Basingstoke was a joke.

HAVING lived in Surbiton for more than 15 years, I can reassure David McKie that it is not "a symbol for self-righteous suburbia".

WHAT fills Clare Short with such self-importance that she seems determined to court controversy on such a regular basis? She must be living on another planet if she doesn't realise that the only people she is helping are the Tories.

CLARE Short is quoted in the Daily Mail among other papers as saying the Labour Party "should cut back on modifying everything we stand for".

A Country Diary

NORTHUMBERLAND: Roe deer in this county differ widely in their habitat and fecundity. Animals which live in woods adjacent to agricultural land are larger than the forest deer and carry markedly better horns due to lush feed.

BEFORE Clare Short is made into some principal martyr, I would like to tell people of a speech she made to our constituency Labour Party dinner earlier this year.

I often have to explain to my son that he shouldn't throw a tantrum when he doesn't get his own way. But then he is only two-and-a-half.

Seeing red over the question of green TV

ROS Coward is right to be ignoring environmental issues (The world not about us on the television, August 5). Commissioning editors may have "moved on" to other issues, but the public's concern about the environment remains strong.

you can show all the polluted rivers". Such statements demonstrate that many broadcasters misunderstand the nature of environmental concern.

George Monbiot was invited to present his green manifesto in I TV's PM Channel 4 also covered the This Land Is Ours occupation in Wandsworth over four nights.

Lost the A

Peter Preston

T

Spin

thro

Diary Matthew Noman

WITH New Labour enjoying so much publicity, I am sad to report that a Liberal Democrat document on the water industry has been largely ignored, even though its author, Matthew Taylor, describes it as the finest of its kind ever produced by a political party. Wow. Such originality is a precious thing indeed. There is, however, confusion in the office of Labour's Frank Dobson, where staff seem to remember Mr Dobson releasing seven papers on water, including last summer's pamphlet Money Down The Drain. Still, Mr Taylor probably wasn't aware of them. Coincidentally, four months ago Mr Dobson's office had a request from the Commons Library for a full set of those documents. When a curious assistant asked who wanted them, the Librarian said it was a Labour colleague or a Tory, but refused to answer when asked if it was a Liberal. "I hope that now I have published this document, which will be beneficial to the vast majority of people," says Mr Taylor. "Other parties will feel braver about telling the truth." Mmm.

Na welcome outbreak of good news for Labour, a mean-spirited policy of rapid rebuttal continues to work splendidly. Only yesterday, little Oofy Wegg-Prosser rapidly rebutted the suggestion that Mandy Anderson, the disco-loving MP for Hartlepool, was among those Tony Blair advisers savaged in the New Statesman by Clare Short... one of the malevolent little warlocks she calls "the people who live in the dark". Oofy was quite clear on the matter: "It's definitely not Mandy," he said. "I have no idea why his picture's in today's papers." Whether or not he lives in the dark, Mandy has been pallid lately, so I told Oofy that I would treat him to two 30-minute sessions on a sunbed. "No thank you, we're quite all right," said Oofy. At least we offered.

CONCERN mounts once again for the mental equilibrium of Peter Hitchens. As the You, The Jury comedy heard episode proved, Peter has always struggled with the distinction between fact and fiction. Now, following the incest scene in Brookside, Peter has railed in the Express at the power of soaps to corrupt those who "can now barely tell the drama from the reality. In EastEnders especially, it is hard to remember what we are dealing with: real life or fantasy." Dear oh dear, Peter. Why not try this little aide memoire? If, at the end of a show, the names of the characters appear on screen next to names of actors, it is "fantasy". If not, it is "real life". We hope this helps.

BOLMONDLEY Relief, the charity to alleviate the poverty of excitable MP Peter Bottomley, is coming together. Registration forms should be with the Charity Commissioners next week. Poor Bolmondley himself is on his annual camping holiday with Virginia on the Isle of Wight, and word has it that his old tent is in a terrible state, and can no longer keep out the rain. Eager to help, we called John Fraser MA (Oxon), MP for East Devon, asking whether his boss, Michael Winner, would be prepared to donate a pair of his jumbo knickers as a replacement. "I'm very tied up at the moment," said Mr Fraser, "so could you please send me a fax detailing the aims of Bolmondley Relief, which I can show to Mr Winner." This we have done. We hope to have the Y-fronts, complete with pegs, in transit by tonight. So hold on, Bolmondley.

WE return to our Book of the Month, A Locoman's Log 1817-85. We have reached Chapter Three: Through the Freight Links 1841-84, which finds Bill Acock starting work at Vauxhall and Duddleston. "Before I caught the 9.45am train from Walsall to get me to work at 10.30am," he writes, "I had to purchase a three-monthly season ticket, on which I had a concession of a quarter of the fare." Good news, you might think — but I had to pay the full fare to take my bicycle with me.



Lost in the woods — the American dream

Commentary Peter Preston

THEY all have the dream, the American Dream. Bill has it, Bob has it, even Ross Perot and Lamu have it. Let's dream it, let's swim in mush. Three weeks of consolidated Olympics dreaming and presidential dreaming are beginning to deliver chronic insomnia. There is, after all, no such thing as the British dream: or the Belgian dream; or even the German dream. You wouldn't find John Major on his feet proclaiming that he has a dream, as opposed to a twinge of indignation; or Helmut Kohl turning visionary of the night after a big plate of bratwurst. It is not our (European) style. A single currency may have its dream-like touches, but how can something called the euro arrive bathed in syrup and cream?

No, the Dream seems a specifically American invention. It appears, so far as one can tell, to embody "the hopes and aspirations of the American people". Every politician nat-

urally wants a piece of that cake: which, in turn, means it can be sliced any which way. It means everything and nothing, found everywhere and nowhere. It is the heart of the campaign and the candy floss of exhausted rhetoric. I have, dutifully, been attempting to follow the dream for a few days, to read the signs and find the trail. Not easy. Part of the dream, of course, is the call of the wild and the great outdoors. But California's pseudo-wilderness is full of wittering injunctions. "Beware mountain lions. In case of encounter, stand straight and show no fear. Do not bend over. Sticks or stones may be thrown. Children should always be carried." Who fancies a 10-mile hike through lion country carrying a kid and a pile of stones? Coastlines, meanwhile, are "naturally dynamic, with cresting waves and crumbling cliffs. Rocks are slippery. Large, unexpected surges can sweep you off your feet. Play it safe — don't climb rocks, or go into the water and risk getting carried out to sea". No sitting. No swimming. No parking. No tugging with rucksacks. (Part of our "natural heritage" and therefore a protected species.) No No No smoking. No alcohol. No feeding the animals. "Bread and snacks are bad for squirrels, deer and birds." The dream may include old

John Wayne movies and a four-wheel-drive Toyota to bring the shopping back from the mall — but otherwise it is cramped and paunchy and urban and subservient. Authority is perennially parked in a side road just over the hill, waiting to hand out a ticket.

Such outward visibles, of course, are only a chapter or two of Dream Quest '96; though they do betoken an officiousness, a hectoring regimentation which is either the hated Big Government or the kind of regime that renders thinking unnecessary. But the bigger book, I think, is also essentially about freedom of spirit.

Bob Dole has just begun to lumber up for the San Diego convention. A worried 75-year-old with an Autocue style of guaranteed somnambular efficiency, promising year upon year of lower taxes. His dream, Freedom equals more cash in your pocket. Bill Clinton, meanwhile, pausing only to bless the new torch of the Atlanta paraplegic games as the wheelchair head south from Washington, his dream, Freedom equals enough miserable voters' dream of withdrawing welfare payments from the disabled and the sick and the immigrant old to make that part of his vision. The argument between the two men who would be president on November 6 is drawn solely in

dollars and grievance. It has all the fervour, all the moral principle, of a sun-dried tomato. Two stops in two places a couple of hours apart seem to me to sum up the truer choice. Yesterday afternoon I drifted round Pebble Beach and the encircling 17-Mile Drive from Monterey to Carmel. There are six golf courses of legendary opulence along the way, and billonaires' mansions sunk among the dunes and woodlands. For a seven-dollar toll you may briefly glimpse how the freedom of ultimate wealth enhances and inspires. Or, as the sign by the Lone Cypress tree scribbled on small promontory over the Pacific says: "Lone Cypress is a trademark of quality and the corporate logo of the Pebble Beach Company. As such, the use of the tree's image is regulated by law. It may not be photographed or reproduced for any commercial purpose." It

Authority is perennially parked in a side road just over the hill, waiting to hand out a ticket

stands there, after 300 years, hauled upright by wires like a decrepit courtisan, a marvel of nature under full copyright: a symbol to remember. The other stop was in a place where the redwood forests shut out any sun which could dry tomatoes. Boulder Creek is a small stop down Route 9 from Saratoga to Santa Cruz in the deep valleys of the San Lorenzo River. Three miles along the road we're talking Scots immigra-

tion. The local reservoir is called Loch Lomond. You reach it by turning left down Glen Arbor Road, not right to Benny Doon. But the fishermen around the reservoir talk in Polish and German and Czech, with only Spanish on the jetty. Walk for 15 minutes and hear no English. Boulder Creek doesn't boast any Highland veneer. There are 5,000 people strwn down Main Street and scattered in the woods. They brew a little beer and make a little wine. The cabin motel up Big Basin Highway is run by Mr and Mrs Patel, who used to live in Wembley and keep a newsagents in Lillingston. Next door is "Scopazzi". In the owner hovers by the door, guiding a flow of diners and cocktail consumers. Italian? "No, I'm from the Lebanon, from Beirut." He was an assistant librarian at the American embassy in 1972 when a friendly diplomat from Boulder Creek got him to America and a job waiting tables at the inn. "Now I own the joint."

If there is still a dream, it is in this unique mixture of people from far away gathered around a single street or round a single fishing pond, sheltering and building something. Here, to this day, you feel a generosity and a determination to do better. There is scant echo of that in the dreaming fuzz of Dole and Clinton. They, in detail, talk only of exclusion, of bases to be left overseas as necessary, in sickness and in indigence. Some dream? More the modern nightmare of the churchill pocketbook. My favourite notice was handwritten on a telegraph pole near the brewery. "A 100 dollar reward," it said. "Lost in the woods: my beloved rottweiler, Gypsy." If Bill or Bob pass through the Creek this fall, I rather hope Gypsy comes home and gives them a nip.

all this is, however, that it is those who care least about the press who do best. Margaret Thatcher was very careful to cultivate the correct image, especially, for example, at election times — and she had a very skilful and effective press operation. But her staff were press officers; no one would ever call Bernard Inman a spin doctor. Yet while Neil Kinnock employed an increasingly more professional group of image consultants, he became more remote and less credible.

IT IS, in some ways, naive of Mr Short to identify the spin doctors as the root of all evil when they are doing no more, nor less than they have ever done. And she is well aware of what they have been doing. Even before her recent publication of her memoirs, I sent to the political Siberia of Overseas Development, she was complaining about the "clever dicks" in the media department who, she correctly assessed, had been assigned to her case. Thus Harold Wilson, who became obsessed with the press, was most concerned that he should be correctly interpreted, and put endless effort into ensuring that this was the case. Every Labour leader since has made progressively greater efforts to influence the reporting of their activities. The irony of

professional art. Its growth naturally coincided in exact proportion with the anxiety of the individual politician over his public image. Thus Harold Wilson, who became obsessed with the press, was most concerned that he should be correctly interpreted, and put endless effort into ensuring that this was the case. Every Labour leader since has made progressively greater efforts to influence the reporting of their activities. The irony of

ber to aim her criticisms directly at the Labour leadership. But she knows that there are many people within the Labour Party who dislike the way it is being managed today, and who are increasingly disillusioned with the process of democratic politics, and who feel that this is damaging the basic structure of the political process in Britain today. They do not like the way things are moving. They fear it could even cost them the election.

It would be more honest of her to aim her criticisms directly at the Labour leadership. But she knows that there are many people within the Labour Party who dislike the way it is being managed today, and who are increasingly disillusioned with the process of democratic politics, and who feel that this is damaging the basic structure of the political process in Britain today. They do not like the way things are moving. They fear it could even cost them the election.

world from that in which most of us grew up. Recognising these realities and being prepared to present our vision in ways that people understand makes good sense. That means appealing to Daily Mail readers as well as Daily Mirror readers because many have the same aspirations and hopes for the future of themselves and their families. In the 1980s, the new right were unfortunately seen to take the intellectual lead nationally and internationally. It is now time for democratic socialists to be able to address the world of the future — not catching up with change reluctantly, but leading the way with confidence and unity. David Blunkett MP is Shadow Education and Employment Secretary

Have fun, Linford: see if we care



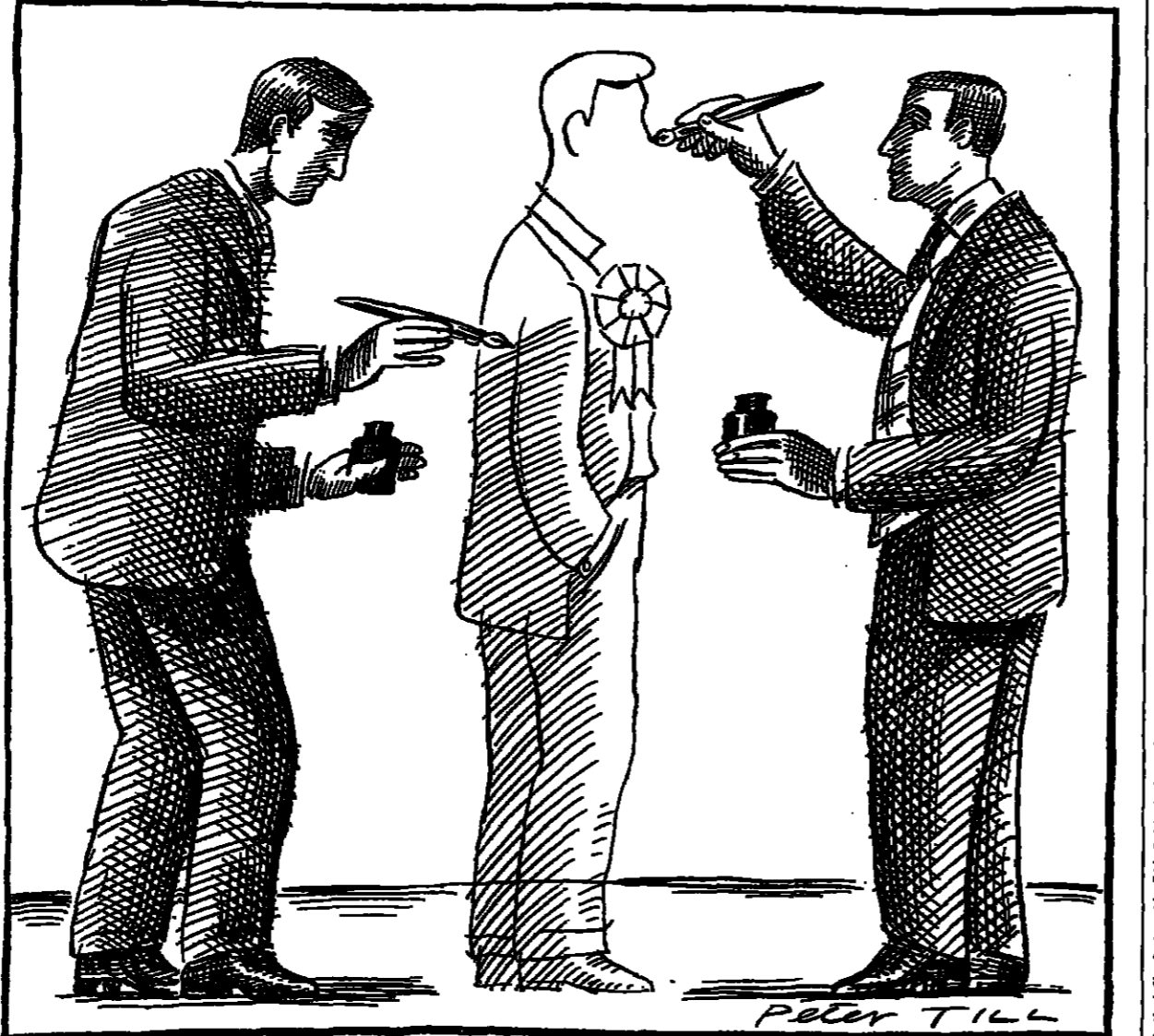
Meg Henderson

DON'T know if you noticed the British Olympic team returning home from Atlanta the other day, but there were some familiar faces missing. Seems that a few of the big names in track and field, Linford Christie, Colin Jackson and Jonathan Edwards included, took a little detour to an international meeting in the Italian Alpine resort of Sestriere, where they will presumably earn a crust in appearance or prize money.

Nothing wrong with that: I'm all in favour of people using whatever talents they possess to make a living. But hang on a minute — weren't we lambasted with demands for cash by these same high-profile athletes but seconds ago? They were giving their all for their country, they bleated, yet they were forced to exist on hand-outs. They were on the dole because employers wouldn't give them enough time off to train, and all this sacrifice was compounded by an ungrateful nation refusing to provide the elite with proper training facilities. We are doing it for you, they wailed; pay up for our gold medals.

It's all claptrap, of course, and I don't think I am alone in not giving a monkey's toad who won what at the Olympics, or at that nice little earner at Sestriere come to that. If you cut through the whining and carping, you will see that athletes are just like the rest of us: they are earning cash to keep body, soul and the odd Porsche together. They no more "do it for the country" than I write for Britain, a plumber plumbs for it, or a binman empties rubbish for it. They do it for themselves, because they like doing it; they may be good at it, and because these days they can coin it in faster than some can run the 100 metres. More years ago than I care to recall, I spent every weekend climbing, hill-walking and canoeing. I dreaded going back to work on Monday, I would far rather have spent the whole week doing what I liked. I didn't, however, expect or demand that the nation provide me with the wherewithal to do that: I figured that if I couldn't earn a living at it I would have to do something else to fund my weekends. And how nice it would have been to take myself off to foreign climes, where the living is easier in the warm sunshine. It simply didn't occur to me to do the red, white and blue livery and say: "I am doing this for the

Meg Henderson is the author of Finding Peggy (Corgi). Bel Litlejohn is missing



Who are the spin doctors and are they a Good Thing? Julia Langdon tells their story. We also asked David Blunkett (below) whether Clare Short was right

Spin, whores, spin

IT IS surprising, really, that in seeking to denigrate the despised spin doctors of modern politics, Clare Short did not evoke the celebrated comment of the First Earl of Pembroke. This is most commonly quoted as "Go spin, you damned go spin," but would have been much more satisfactory in this context in the original: "Out ye whores, go spin, to work ye whores, go spin."

has only been with us a short while. The description, applied to political news management, arrived here from the United States within the last 10 years, having been adapted from the spin given to a ball in flight in order to fool the recipient. Whatever it is called, though, spinning has always been with us. It may be irritating to those who are subjected to it — the journalists; insulting to those who are the unwitting recipients — the public; and infuriating to those who are the unwilling victims — like Clare Short. It is nevertheless a timeless practice of those who seek to massage the message, and it is here to stay. The object of the exercise is to extract the best possible outcome of any given situation for your client. Every politician has been trying to do this since Alfred burnt the cakes, but it is only in the second half of the 20th century that news management has been developed as a pro-

essional art. Its growth naturally coincided in exact proportion with the anxiety of the individual politician over his public image. Thus Harold Wilson, who became obsessed with the press, was most concerned that he should be correctly interpreted, and put endless effort into ensuring that this was the case. Every Labour leader since has made progressively greater efforts to influence the reporting of their activities. The irony of

Don't throw away victory

ANYONE believing that Labour should ignore economic and social danger should read George Dangerfield's The Strange Death of Liberal England. It shows how the Liberal Party in the early years of this century crumbled as it lost touch with the electorate it sought to serve. Tony Blair is determined that Labour should not make that mistake. He knows that Labour must change for the 21st century and he has strong views on what we must do at the root of these views are at the root of what he does and what he says in private and in public. Advisers will advise — but Tony knows his own mind. And

whether it is on Clause Four or the new manifesto, he has initiated debates and consulted the entire membership of the Labour Party in the process. When Conservative leaders call for discipline in the run-up to the election, they are admired. When Tony does the same, he is portrayed as being brutal. The reality is that the Tories have not known how to attack him on policy, so they are doing their best to undermine him with personalised attacks. We should contribute to change and use effective modern presentation methods. Electoral popularity is not betrayal. The notion

that socialism has to be unpopular and that, if it is not, we should suspect that there has been some sort of abandonment of our values and principles — is nonsense. It is equally dangerous to assume that we can afford to be complacent, because, as some colleagues seem to imagine, "we have already won the general election." We have not won yet. The Conservatives have been fighting back with their usual lies and smears — and they have the resources at their disposal to appeal directly to those sections of the electorate on whom Labour relies. There is only one betrayal which the people we

seek to represent fear most of all. That is that Labour will throw away the chance of gaining office and carrying through the progressive and radical policies set out in New Labour, New Life For Britain. These are policies which will transform Britain, renewing our economy, restoring social cohesion and raising educational standards to enable people to escape the poverty trap. These are policies to promote self-reliance with improved skills to give people the chance to work, to earn and contribute to our society. Today's Labour Party offers the only hope of preparing Britain for the challenges of the millennium, where we must compete in a global economy, embrace technological change, and prosper in a very different

SHE HAS NOWHERE LEFT TO TURN.



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Ossie Clark

Sixties dream broken

OSSIE CLARK, who has died a violent death aged 54, was one of the working-class *wunderkinder* who enlivened the art school scene in the 1960s and, finding they were having so much fun, created swinging London as the playpen for it to continue.

Born in Liverpool, Ossie — real name Raymond — was evacuated to Oswaldtwistle on the Lancashire-Yorkshire border, and returned to live in Warrington in 1947. His father worked on a liner and his mother, so he always claimed, played the mandolin. He was, by his own admission, a misfit, dancing to a tune quite different from that followed by the other boys on his council estate. "I liked cats and flowers, and walked a certain way," was how he described it.

Destined to be a brickie, he was sent to Warrington technical college where he did as well that he was accepted by Manchester College of Art to study design. Here, his decorative talents flourished. Four years later, in 1961, he was at the Royal College of Art, studying fashion under Professor James Innes. He left in 1964 with a first class degree — the only student to get one in his year.

He plunged into swinging

London with enthusiasm and rapidly became one of its characters. Crazy, with subversive and maniacally determined to grab at every experience, it was rather as if he knew it could not last. And he was right. But while it did, he had enormous fun and brought joy to friends and fashion followers alike. He knew everybody and everybody he knew delighted in him, in his spirit, his talent, his witfulness and — let it be said — his occasional difficultness. But, he was a life-enhancer and for that he was loved. All doors opened.

Socially, he was a close friend of David Hockney and Andy Warhol; hung out with Jimi Hendrix and Mick Jagger (who loved wearing his clothes); spent camp weekends at Reddish with Cecil Beaton; and, still finding time for the only thing that really mattered to him, designed the most ravishingly pretty dresses for the best of girls who surrounded him. Cathy McGowan, Marianne Faithfull, Bianca Jagger, Marie Helvin, Jerry Hall and Twiggy were all part of his life and an inspiration to him. It was through them that he designed the sort of clothes beloved of every fashion magazine in the world.

It was through Alice Pollock, while working at



Ossie Clark in 1971... 'I'm a master cutter,' he claimed. 'It's all in my brain and my fingers'

Quorum — one of the most successful King's Road boutiques — that he met the fabric designer Ceila Birtwell with whom he struck up a very successful partnership. She designed the fabrics and he created the clothes. In many respects they were more artists than fashion designers and perhaps that's why they were at the forefront of British fashion

design, along with Zandra Rhodes, Jean Muir, Marion Foale and Bill Gibb. After seven years, he and Birtwell married. They had two sons but finally separated and divorced. As a friend said at the time: "Ossie is great in small doses, but impossible to live with all the time. He can't share his talent."

"I'm a master cutter," Clark claimed. "It's all in my

brain and my fingers." Sadly, he was right. There was little system and even less organization in that brain which teamed with ideas, hopes and dreams. But it was a brain that brought him fame and money — and he enjoyed both to the full. San Lorenzo super; the Bentley 7 Continental; the South of France. Clark had them all. But such a lifestyle could not be sustained.

No matter how flimsy and insubstantial the fashion world might appear to outsiders, making clothes and, much more importantly, selling them is a business, and a ruthless one at that. Talent is not enough.

He managed to slide through the 1960s on a wave of youthful euphoria which made everything seem both possible and desirable. He coped with the 1970s, when things were becoming much more complicated, but it was the 1980s that scuppered him.

The man who said: "I detest money" stood no chance of surviving those money-mad days. Ossie Clark went bankrupt in 1981, owing £200,000, and from there it was professionally, emotionally and even socially, more or less downhill all the way.

And yet there was a tremendously moving sense of hope in Ossie Clark. Even in his blackest days, always expecting for a revival, he never bothered to dwell on the past. He looked to the future, convinced that his day must come again and his talent be recognised by a new generation. But the tide of

fashion had swept his world away for ever.

He became a troubled, dispirited soul, disappointed and betrayed that the fashion world no longer seemed to need his whimsical fairytale dresses. It is possible to say that his talent never fulfilled itself, but it is more honest to admit that, like many English designers, his genius could only take him so far: his vision created its own limitations and his skills — considerable as they were — were not enough to lift him above the level of inspired "alchemist" which is where history will eventually place many of our home-grown designers, especially from the 1930s.

But this does not diminish Ossie Clark as a bringer of fashion joy. The clothes, so right for the time, were delicious fun, but he simply could not keep up with the many changes of fashion, not least the ruthless commercialisation which was anathema to his artistic soul.

Colin McDowell
Ossie (Raymond) Clark, fashion designer, born 1942; died August 6, 1996

U Hla Than Death in jail

THE POLITICIAN U Hla Than, who has died in prison aged 52, was a member of Burmese Democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi's National League for Democracy. He had spent six years in Insein Prison outside Rangoon. Official reports state he died from tuberculosis, a claim denied by Aung San Suu Kyi. Pro-democracy groups in the US believe he died from internal injuries caused by torture.

Than won his seat for the NLD in the May 1990 election in which the pro-democracy party swept more than 85 per cent of the seats. But when the ruling military regime, the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC), refused to recognise the results, a crackdown on the opposition began.

Than was arrested on October 23, 1990, at a secret NLD meeting to form a parallel government. He was taken to a military intelligence interrogation camp, then, together with other MPs, sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment.

When some members of the NLD were released in 1992, Than was not among them. As a former member of the Burmese military — he served in the Burmese Navy from 1965-1977 — he was ineligible for pardon by SLORC. In 1993, after reforms of the penal code, his sentence was reduced to 10 years.

When Than fought the 1990 election, he was aware of the danger he might face from SLORC. His Coco Islands constituency was made up largely of government officials from the local naval base and meteorological office, and when he began his campaign the islanders did not dare receive him in their homes. Than built himself a makeshift hut near the local monastery, from where he distributed his campaign leaflets. His victory was proof that support for democracy, however clandestine, was strong.

After his arrest, Than's health began to deteriorate. For political prisoners in Burma, medical attention is a privilege, not a right. Than's request to be allowed to die at home was refused, an action condemned as inhuman by the US government.

Ramona Oung
U Hla Than, politician, born 1944; died August 2, 1996



Clark's clothes: the most ravishingly pretty dresses...

Crazy, wild, subversive and maniacally determined to grab at every experience, it was rather as if he knew it could not last. And he was right. But while it did, he had enormous fun



... beloved of every fashion magazine in the world

Gerry Gomez

The end of a magnificent innings

GERRY GOMEZ, who has died aged 76, was of an age to have watched George Challenger, he played with Lealie Constantine; and he experienced the phenomenon of Brian Lara. More than merely witnessing the passage of the great episodes in West Indian cricket, he participated in as many as it is possible to do in one lifetime — as a player, manager, selector, umpire, administrator and broadcaster. Nor was cricket Gomez's only passion. He was also accomplished in football, lawn tennis and golf.

After a less than sensational debut for Trinidad in 1957, when he was not yet 18, Gomez secured his selection for the tour to England two years later by hitting 161 not out against the Jamaican pace attack of Leslie Hylton and Hines Johnson at Port of Spain. At that time, he played as a specialist batsman and failed to shine in either of his two Test Matches at Old Trafford and The Oval.

Nevertheless, as one of the few West Indians with international experience, he was a

candidate for the captaincy when competition resumed after the second world war. In the absence through injury of more senior players, he led West Indies against England at Queen's Park in 1948.

By a wind of change had been blowing through Caribbean cricket and society, while attention had been focused on the war. The tide of talent that burst forth from Barbados in 1940 erased slowly but for ever Trinidad's hegemony and Frank Worrell, Everton Weekes and Clyde Walcott showed that black men could be as good batsmen as they were fast bowlers.

Gomez had a pivotal middle-order role in the great team of the late-1940s and early-1950s. Though his innings rarely matched those of his more free-scoring colleagues, they were integral to success. As the celebrated calypso records, Gomez broke down the England bowling while Walcott hit it around in their match-winning sixth-wicket partnership of 211 runs at Lord's in 1950. He closed that series by making

74 on a pitch at The Oval which was already beginning to take spin and, thereby, pushed the total too far ahead for the home team to avoid the follow-on and annihilation by Alfred Valentine.

By now, however, Gomez had developed into a more than competent medium-fast swing bowler who did more than merely take the shine off the ball for Ramadhin and Valentine. His bowling became increasingly valuable from the 3-35 which wrapped up victory in the match and the series in Madras in 1949 (the first rubber won away from home) to the attack in Australia three years later.

When the Trinidadian destroyed a strong Australian batting line-up by taking 7-55 at Sydney, he may have done more harm than good by alerting the tourists to the perils of the pitch. His colleagues recalled: "We knew that Gerry was good — but not that good!" and they were scuttled for just 78 runs.

Gomez was denied the regular captaincy and his was a career overshadowed by compatriot Jeffrey Stollmeyer,

just his senior in cricket experience if not quite in years — they put on 434 runs for the third-wicket against British Guiana in 1947.

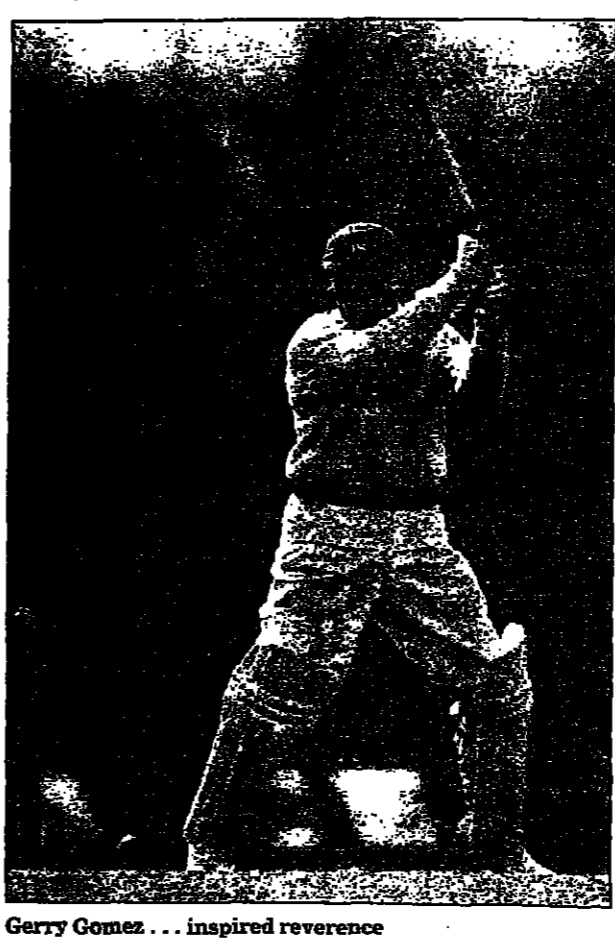
Both continued to have important roles in West Indian cricket when their playing days were over. For Gomez was team manager for the West Indian tour of Australia in 1960/61 — one of the most memorable in the history of the game. It revived international competition, should not be overlooked, a key quality and justly elevated Frank Worrell, the captain, to cricket's pantheon of leadership and to a knighthood. Gomez's influence should not be overlooked. Australian commentator Johnny Moyes observed:

"Gerry did a magnificent job. His friendly attitude laid a sound basis for friendly relations, and nothing was finer than his statement, at the start of the tour, that umpires' decisions would be accepted without question."

And yet there was an aspect of cricket to which Gomez could not turn his hand — even to the extent of taking over as umpire for a Test match at Georgetown in 1968 where he had the closest view possible as West Indies won their first victory in a series over Australia.

In his homeland, Gerald Ethridge Gomez was the voice of cricket and within and outside the island he was the voice of Trinidad. He commanded that blend of quiet authority and intimacy that seems to be part of Trinidadian character. Despite his self-effacing informality, he inspired something like reverence.

Clayton Goodwin
Gerald Ethridge Gomez, cricketer, born October 10, 1919; died August 7, 1996



Gerry Gomez... inspired reverence

Birthdays

The Rt Rev Colin Buchanan, Suffragan Bishop of Rochester, 62; Prof Elizabeth Cutter, botanist, 67; Tam Dalyell, Labour MP, 64; Jonathan Fry, chief executive, Burnham Castrol, 58; Melanie Griffith, actress, 36; Whitney Houston, singer, 33; Sara Morrison, executive director, GEC, 62; James Naughtie, broadcaster, 44; Ashley Page, dancer, 40; Patsy Stone, cartoonist, 51; John Simpson, broadcaster, 52; Prof Kevin Thompson, principal, Dartington College of Arts and Music, 43; Lord Young of Dartington, sociologist and social innovator, 81.

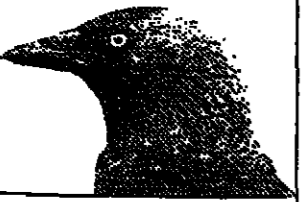
Death Notices

DAVID, Michael Henry, died on 1st August, at home in Tockington, surrounded by his family. He had fought bravely through a long illness. He is missed and respected. He will be greatly missed by his wife Ann, children Adam, Gemma and Victoria, family, friends and colleagues. Burial at Tockington Crematorium, Wednesday 14th August at 11.00. Friends are invited to a service at 11.00 at the RFB's Equities in Holmes and Douglas, 119 Farringdon Street, London, 0171 977 9632.

In Memoriam

SCHOFIELD, John, killed Croatia, 6th August 1995. He was a devoted husband and father. Family and friends. A great uncle over a year in hospital. To place your announcement telephone 071 713 4567. Fax 071 713 4126.

Jackdaw



Oedipal drive
ONCEPON atime long ago in Thebes inking, Oedipus dakin, Lvmymrs, Lvmymrs. Thebms think Oeddy iscool. Noprops. Okay may be therez 1111. Mother whereru? Wherest myydad? Nocalz never. Havenot actue. Inmy-mind tender whom? Imust findem. Jo mywif goes. "Oed dont usee". Wherhap now le-tth. "Igo noway". Imboss. Dontu telme mylife. Iamboss. Myymom. Il will findher. Find bothof them. "Sol start seekin datruth about who lam. Itgoez ultra slow. The sphynxs riddle was acinb but notthz sunlee whear-shocking news. Iwas a tiny!

thisg 4seer sed Iwood off my royal oldman then marme mymama. Sicko rubbish, nestpas? Who who couldbe so-goe? Still momdad sent meece away. Meece ababi awasay. Nowwww getthiz. Many moons goby. Inest this-guy onatrip. Wedoo rumble. Whoknew? Ieftmy pop one deadman. Uget datoto. Majr tsuris. Jojo myhonee, mys-geez, mylamby, miamor, my-cue. Joyoy liz mymommy. Yegods whyntee? Lfssux. Iam-bad, lam-bad. Imsohad. Stop-bad, stop-bad. This flesh duz stink. Its 2much payne 4onez. Takegud myeyes! Oedipus, retold using 1st of the more than 1 million California personalised license plates. At www.chaos.umd.edu/misc/plates.html

Fantasy lust
THIS GUIDE examines two closely related aspects of the platonic friendship between men and women:
1. The tendency of women to develop close friendships with male acquaintances, thereby eliminating any possibility of a romantic relationship, the

result of which is to remove the poor schmuck's heart and shred it.
2. The process by which attractive and eligible women, when faced by proffered declarations of romantic interest by a male friend, destroy the ego and spirit of said acquaintance by declaring that they only want to be "friends".
Selecting your new platonic friend: She should cause you to exhibit some of the following symptoms: "hot sweats", cold sweats, "nausea", "shaking", difficulty sleeping, "nausea", "biting of the tongue or lower lip to prevent burping the words, "I love you" in casual conversations. Cultivating your new platonic friend: Too much enthusiasm can ruin a good platonic friendship... don't feel obligated to follow her wherever she goes. You must be prepared to keep your true feelings concealed. Always be ready to change the subject, and always have a few alibis on hand. Example: she asks, "Have you been following me around?" You respond: "What an odd

coincidence. Speaking of following, have you been following professional basketball?" You will have your differences with your new platonic friend. Example: she says, "I know you've been following me. You're staring me!" You say, "I'm here if you need me." Dos and don'ts of cultivating a platonic friendship with a woman you would otherwise want to marry:
* DO play and replay scenarios in your mind where you come out and declare your true feelings to her, whereupon you proceed directly to frenzied, passionate, and fulfilling lovemaking.
* DO NOT actually attempt this.
* DO NOT confide in any of your female friends as they'll think you are talking about them.
* DO agonize about whether to sign letters to her "love" or "your friend".
* DO NOT pretend you are kissing her when you lick the envelope.
* DO curse yourself for being a miserable, spineless, pathetic, emotionally stunted fool.
* DO promise that you will

change, that things will be different.
* DO NOT actually change. Tear your heart out at www.phantom.com/e-or_email/jeolog@apharom.com. Thanks A. Zachary.

Life's oddities
1 in 10 billion — odds of anything happening to only one person in the world at any one time. 1 in 1 billion — chance of being eaten by an alligator (US). 1 in 100 million — chance of winning the National Lottery. 1 in 10 million — risk of death from lightning. 1 in 100,000 — chance of contracting mad cow disease, risk of death in "safe" jobs, such as death by falling filing cabinet, extra risk of cancer from eating a peanut butter sandwich every day (US). 1 in 1,000 — emergency hospital treatment for injury from sink or toilet. 1 in 10 — risk of dying in any one year. 1 in 1 — death from some cause eventually. Life is a risky business, and Professor John Haling developed a scale to gauge the

comparative probability of various scenarios occurring in our lives, of which some of the results are above. FEEM.

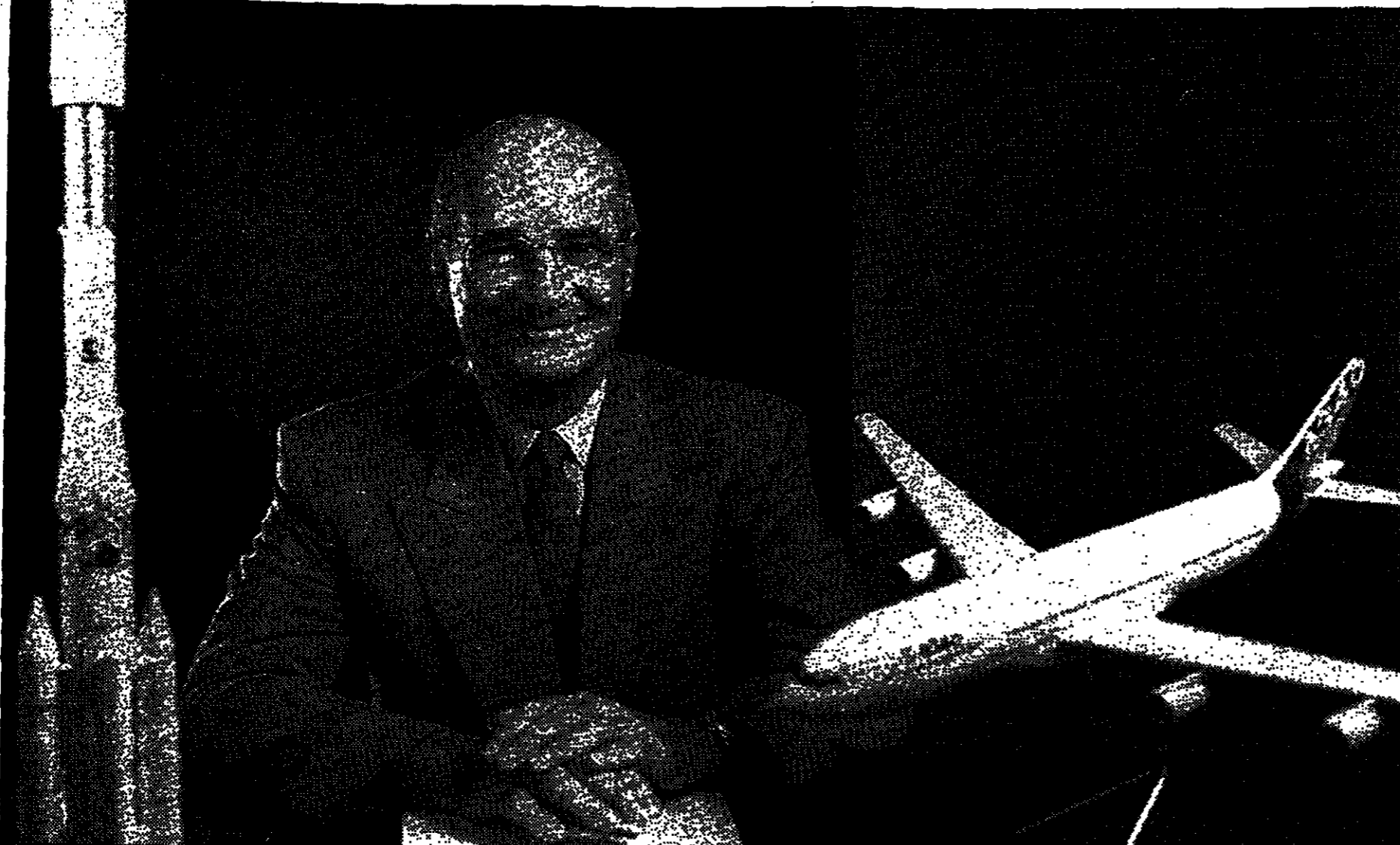
Fruity tales
GIANT STRAWBERRIES could be coming to a supermarket near you by the turn of the century. The strawberries, which are almost the size of the pears, are being developed in Kent, by Horticulture Research International. Already whoppers around 6.5 centimetres across are on sale in California. HRI are now breeding a rival that will grow in harsher, European climates. They have produced strawberries of equal girth to the Californian ones. Commercial growers tried cultivating HRI's giant strawberries for the first time this summer, but their shelf life was unacceptably short, but there are hopes that the first giants will be in the shops within three or four years. Richard Simpson, the head strawberry breeder, is keen to nail the myth that big strawberries have no taste. "It's a fallacy that there's no connection between size and flavour," he says. "You can get large ones that are very juicy and tasty. Bigger is better according to the New Scientist."

Bovine bounce
Re: Cows falling on to cars. It does happen. Some friends of ours live in a Yorkshire village (Roeth) where sheep and

cows graze the green as well as it is common grazing land. Their cottage is on a steep slope — the road goes down the hill and the drive to their tiny garden goes uphill alongside. One day my friend realised he had not shut the gate after driving in and went to do it. Too late. The cows had wandered in and started eating his flowers. His shouts persuaded most of them to leave the way they came in, but one panicked and jumped over the garden wall — landing on the bonnet of a passing car. The cow seemed unhurt and trotted away, but the motorist (a foreign tourist) needed much reassurance. Reported to Jackdaw by Mrs M Bolton. In response to the incredulous insurance claim for damage done to a car by a flying cow printed in yesterday's Jackdaw.

Jackdaw wants jewels. E-mail jackdaw@guardian.co.uk; fax 0171-713 4566; Jackdaw, The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER.

Emily Sheffield



Under his wing... Yves Michot is seen as ideal candidate to unite French military and civil aircraft manufacturers — and then negotiate pan-European alliances

Aerospace urged to unite

Chris Barrie
Business Correspondent

EFFORTS to create a pan-European aerospace industry capable of matching US rivals gathered pace yesterday when the new chairman of Aérospatiale called on his fellow industrialists to "regroup" their interests.

Adding that Casa of Spain and Alenia of Italy could also play a part, he said: "We know what the problems are in this area. For the moment we do not know the solutions." Mr Michot said the moves would go beyond civil aircraft to include more contentous sectors such as military aircraft and space technology.

Michot, who was confirmed as head of the Aérospatiale-Dassault combine on Wednesday by the French cabinet. A BAE spokesman said the company "wholly supports this stance". He added: "The group has long advocated much greater integration of European companies and we are delighted at Mr Michot's appointment."

will ultimately be absorbed into a wider European grouping. Mergers will come in civil aerospace first, and plans to put Airbus on a more commercial footing are under way. BAE and Dassault are, however, already working together on a new generation of fighter aircraft.

across European borders, one analyst said there had been a "sea change" in European thinking about the need for mergers in military and civil aircraft production.

to be a resolution of differing ownership structures, financial performances and political priorities.

In the most striking indication yet that the French aerospace industry is casting off its traditional hostility to a Europe-wide restructuring, Yves Michot said leading airframe companies should "combine their forces".

British Aerospace welcomed the statement from Mr Michot, who was confirmed as head of the Aérospatiale-Dassault combine on Wednesday by the French cabinet.

City analysts also welcomed the statement, forecasting a fresh spate of alliances and joint ventures

Before full mergers could take place there would have to be a resolution of differing ownership structures, financial performances and political priorities.

Mr Michot's main task is to integrate Dassault and Aérospatiale, a prerequisite for participation in cross-border mergers because, analysts say, it will give the French group a "critical mass".

Mr Michot's appointment was supported by Dassault and he is said to be respected by the Aérospatiale workforce.

BAe to recruit scores of engineers after winning military contracts

BRITISH Aerospace is looking to recruit scores of engineers after its success in winning Ministry of Defence contracts, writes Chris Barrie.

Preston, Farnborough, and Brough, Humberside, to work on upgrading 21 Nimrod long-range patrol aircraft. Engineers are also being sought for the missile division plants in Stevenage and Bristol, following MoD approval for the development of an air-launched cruise missile.

The division announced 18 months ago that it was to shed 1,350 staff, many of them skilled design engineers and technicians, because of a drop in orders. Those cuts left the division, BAE Dynamics, with 2,500 staff, against 15,500 people five years earlier.

systems engineers were in particular demand nationally. The recruits were likely to be drawn from other aerospace companies and other hi-tech industries.

The Nimrod contract was awarded in the face of fierce competition from the US group Lockheed Martin.

Rank reveals too little for City's liking

OUTLOOK/Leaks
steal new chief's thunder, writes
Lisa Buckingham

WHEN it comes to debut performances, yesterday's appearance by Andrew Teare, the new chief executive of Rank Organisation, could hardly be said to have been a triumph.

Not that Mr Teare, who was unveiling the first results since taking over at the helm, lacked enthusiasm. It was just that Rank's advisers had leaked the details of his restructuring plans with such vigour that the poor old boss was left with most of his thunder gone.

Long before Mr Teare got to his feet, the market knew he hoped to shed about £300 million from selling businesses such as the Shearings coach holidays, Precision Industries and Kingston Plantation.

It had also "emerged" that the company has devised a structure to allow the sale of its remaining stake in photocopy company Rank Xerox and avert the tax liability it should incur unless it waits five years. With that likely sale possibly raising £1.2 billion at today's prices — Rank also let it be known that it would show only its dividend income, rather than its share of total profits at Xerox. Latest profits included only £24 million of Xerox dividends in the first half, against £97 million last year.

Nevertheless, as shares sank by 27p to 441p, there was clearly enough news in yesterday's profit and strategy announcements to disappoint the market.

Underlying operating profits, 12 per cent up on this time last year, were in line with expectations but analysts appear disappointed that Mr Teare had not taken the opportunity to shed more of Rank's traditional reticence about full financial disclosure.

Although the market welcomed Mr Teare's fresh look

Rank Organisation

Stock market value	£3.7bn
Share price	441p ▼ 27p
Workforce	37,500
Interest cover	1.4
Dividend yield	3.2%
Price relative to FTSE all share	100

Main activity: Hard Rock Cafés, theme parks, Butlins holiday camps, bingo, film and TV services

News in brief

Directors to receive even bigger bonuses
TOP directors can typically earn bonuses of 40-60 per cent on top of their basic pay, according to a study from the remuneration adviser Monks Partnership. Although most senior executives did not achieve that last year, the potential for large bonus payments is increasing, the report says. More than 29 of the leading 100 companies say they are abandoning share-option rewards for soon install long-term incentive plans. — Lisa Buckingham

Swalec standards under fire

STEPHEN Littlechild, the electricity regulator, has expressed concern about the failure of South Wales regional electricity company Swalec to meet customer standards. The utility, part of Welsh Water's Hyder group, paid customers a total of £5,040 for 601 cases of not meeting guaranteed service standards during 1995-96. This is the highest failure rate per 100,000 customers of all the 14 power suppliers. Electricity suppliers have to pay customers £20 or £40 each time they do not meet certain standards such as missing appointments. — Reuter

BCCI chief may be deported

FORMER BCCI treasurer Syed Akbar, who is alleged to have extorted \$15 million (£10 million) from the collapsed bank, was recommended for extradition to the US yesterday. Magistrates at Bow Street, London, had previously allowed an application from lawyers for Mr Akbar, aged 52, to withdraw a "waiver" he signed at the court in March consenting to his removal to America.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS

Australia 1,822s	France 7.55	Italy 2,298	Singapore 2,130
Austria 15.62	Germany 2,221s	Malta 0.5860	South Africa 6.79
Belgium 45.73	Greece 358.00	Netherlands 2,495s	Spain 188.50
Canada 2,068s	Hong Kong 11.85	New Zealand 2,184s	Sweden 10.08
Cyprus 0.6665	India 54.69	Norway 6.642s	Switzerland 1.81
Denmark 8.93	Ireland 0.932s	Portugal 229.25	Turkey 134,691
Finland 6.837s	Israel 4.85	Saudi Arabia 5.75	USA 1.5075

Sourced by Reuters Bank including Indian rupee and Israeli sheqel.

Heinz Record Year for Heinz

I am pleased to report that H.J. Heinz Company achieved record earnings in Fiscal 1996. Global sales reached US\$9.1 billion for the year, more than US\$1 billion higher than the record set last year. Earnings per share progressed in kind, increasing 10% to US\$1.75 from US\$1.59. Operating income increased 11% from US\$1.16 billion to US\$1.29 billion. Heinz continues to be attractive to investors seeking consistent, double-digit earnings growth. Over the past two years, Heinz's stock price appreciated 52% during a period that saw a major secondary stock offering of nearly 21.8 million shares, a three-for-two stock split and two dividend increases. The total return over that period for Heinz shareholders who reinvested their dividends was 67%, or more than 29% compounded annually.

Looking ahead, Heinz has excellent growth opportunities in six core categories where we are driving for global leadership. These categories are: foodservice; infant foods; retail ketchup and condiments; petfood; tuna; and weight control.

What distinguished these categories is that they are all very large; they are all growing globally; and, more importantly, they are all businesses in which Heinz enjoys leading brand positions and unique resources. We should also note that 26 of our brands will, this year, record sales of US\$100 million or more. Five additional brands are on the US\$100 million threshold. In summary, our growth plan is clear and achievable. We will continue to strengthen worldwide leadership and leverage in our six core categories. We will consolidate our acquisitions, relentlessly cut costs and attain higher standards in production efficiency. We will continue to grow overseas, with particular emphasis on emerging markets.

Sales	US\$9.11 billion
Net Income Before Tax	US\$1.02 billion
Net Income	US\$659 million

As I told security analysts last March, Heinz management possess unique skills in marketing, operations and finance and in the mysterious art of making profits, and we are fortunate to be backed by the dedication of our 43,300 co-workers worldwide. Together, we are committed to achieving double-digit growth in Fiscal 1997 and to attaining and expanding world leadership in our six core categories.

Dr. A.J.F. O'Reilly

Credit Lyonnais chiefs face trial

Paul Webster in Paris

THE French government has started prosecution proceedings against former chiefs of Credit Lyonnais, the nationalised French bank at the centre of one of the most spectacular international financial scandals of the century.

The finance minister, Jean Arthuis, hinted at possible fraud when he said yesterday that the justice ministry had been asked to investigate failures by executives to control CL subsidiaries when Jean-Yves Haberer was chairman from 1988 until he was sacked in November 1993 for mismanagement.

Fifteen foreign and 27 domestic judicial actions have already been taken against the state bank's subsidiaries, but the mother company has been investigated only by a parliamentary commission which said Mr Haberer acted honestly and honourably.

A judicial inquiry into the bank's former administration will inevitably involve examining the effectiveness of the entire government financial system and the responsibility of leading socialist and centrist politicians, financial chiefs and the governor of the Bank of France, Jean-Claude Trichet.

Between 1987 and 1993, Mr Trichet was head of the Treasury which was recently accused by President Jacques Chirac of failing to curb CL's excesses.

Quarrels between Mr Chirac and Mr Trichet over economic policy appear to have added to government determination to examine the governor's competence.

In revealing his decision to Le Monde newspaper, Mr Arthuis said that some CL executives may have been involved in the scandal.

He was determined to identify responsibility and call officials to account. "I have a feeling that they have not wanted to tell the truth," he said.

Postal strike victim claims jobs will go as profits take nosedive

Tony May

THE postal workers' dispute has claimed its first business victim, hitting profits and jobs at Colleague Group, one of the fastest-growing small companies of the 1990s.

The Bath-based direct marketing company saw almost half its stock market value wiped out yesterday after warning that the strikes had caused profits for the first half of the year to fall from £1.56 million to £1 million.

Group chairman, James Robson, said the dispute has led some clients to defer their marketing campaigns. "This is the first time in our nine-year history that we have had a setback like this. We view these unfortunate events as a painful hiccup in our development plans."

The company claims the dispute has cost it some £5 million in lost revenue and about 20 jobs, out of a total of 100, are set to go at its offices in Bath and Bradford.

Mr Robson expects the problems to continue into the second half of the year but is confident of growth in 1997 as the group has won business from companies including Granada, Littlewoods and Reader's Digest.

The warning, which saw the company's value fall by more than 40 per cent to £33 million, came just days after the head of the Direct Marketing Association warned that up to 4,000 jobs could be lost if the strikes continued.

DMA director, David Robottom, said over the weekend that each one-day stoppage was costing the industry £11 million.

Financial Editor: Alex Brummer
Telephone: 0171-239-9610
Fax: 0171-833-4456

Finance Guardian

SFO raids Winchester pair

Patrick Donovan and Paul Murphy

POLICE have raided the Hampshire country homes of Charles Vincent and Ashley Levent...

City of London Police carried out the searches on Wednesday morning. The raid on the £15 million-a-year traders follows weeks of investigation by the SFO...

Both men, who are aged 35, have quit as directors, although they continue to own Winchester, which last year paid them £15 million...

dealing market and is understood to have at one time been carrying out trades equivalent to 30 per cent of the world's entire supply of copper.

Winchester and its shareholders have stated that they would co-operate with any inquiry into Sumitomo's losses.

Winchester and its shareholders have stated that they would co-operate with any inquiry into Sumitomo's losses.

Notebook No friendly haven in service sector



Edited by Mark Milner

TWENTY-five years ago, almost eight million people in Britain worked in the manufacturing sector.

The insurance industry is also feeling the impact of changing times. The old-ways approach, personified perhaps by the Man from the Pru, has given way to newer, often telephone-based services.

Other mergers and more job losses seem inevitable. The building societies are likely to add to the tally as more abandon their mutual status or are acquired by other financial institutions.

marked pick-up in orders from the preceding month. Despite the continued strength of shopper demand, however, prices remain keen.

A key factor behind the upbeat forecast is that outlets are already planning their summer sales. Because the CBI poll measures sales volumes (rather than value or takings), cut-price deals will push up the numbers.

Strong demand with subdued prices: it looks too good to last and probably is. Either demand will begin to flag - which would be bad news for the broader economy - or it will remain buoyant enough for retailers to mark up prices.

This week the Bank of England raised the spectre of a 1980s-style consumer-led upturn, with investment and manufacturing watching from the sidelines, and the consequential rise in inflation. The Old Lady may have a point.

United takes Refuge in a merger

Shake-out in life insurance sector continues, says Pauline Springett

CONSOLIDATION of the life insurance sector gained momentum yesterday with the announcement that Refuge and United Friendly were joining forces - at a cost of nearly 2,000 jobs.



For life... United's George Mack (left) becomes chief executive of new company and John Cudworth, of Refuge, its chairman

The complex merger deal will result in United Friendly shareholders holding a 53 per cent stake in the new company, with Refuge's shareholders owning the balance.

Analysts said the deal made sense for both companies, which would be able to operate more efficiently and be a stronger force in what is a fiercely competitive market.

Refuge is also allocating £430 million of surplus funds to shareholders, and United Friendly £145 million. Again, the money will not be paid in cash, but invested to boost shareholders' returns.

three large mergers in the sector - General Accident with Provident Mutual, Halifax with Clerical Medical, and more recently, Royal and Sun Alliance.

Almost every company in the sector is rumoured to be in talks. For instance, the Prudential is looking for a life company, Guardian has been tipped as a takeover target, and enormous speculation surrounds a host of other players, such as Scottish Amicable, Friends Provident and NPL.

The Top 8 table with columns: Rank, Company, 1995 net premium income (£ million), 1994 net premium income (£ million)

Guardian Crossword No 20,727

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-26

- Across: 1 Sculptor's medium for doing a bust of Mohammed Ali? (9,4) 10 Show about one actor? (7) 11 Sailor (not a revolutionary) from Italian port? (7) 12 Part of kitchen ceiling in the future? (5) 13 He throws quite a mean dart in the man? (9) 14 Cuts down spare plot? (5) 15 Battle-helmet? (9) 16 Too impetuous to have story retold? (9) 17 Tan having same external order in tests? (9) 20 Reminiscing about one's vocation... (9) 23 ... and a characteristic bit of Russian accommodation? (5) 24 Provider of entertainment in Spanish province? (7)

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-26

- Down: 2 Find one's bearings at Eastern tea ceremony? (9) 3 Lie about Lawrence's chosen part? (5) 4 Forest denizen of singular character? (5) 5 Of course aunt will be disturbed by demonstration? (9) 6 Be concerned about a little carriage-case? (9) 7 Where girl may have a point? (9) 8 Parental bravery shown in the theatre? (6,7) 9 Seismic tremors of minor significance apparently? (2,5,6) 18 Annotator who hails cost review? (9)

Reed buys £100m taster

With eight times last year. As the group unveiled better-than-expected profits of £216 million, up 12 per cent in the six months to June, Reed said that Tolley - which it is buying from United News & Media - had been desired for about a decade.

The business is being sold by United because it does not fit in with its strategy declared at the time of the merger with MAC that the combined group would concentrate on broadcasting, publishing and business.

Reed admitted that its travel information operation had been slow to anticipate the migration to electronic publishing. Its UK consumer books business - withdrawn from sale after failing to secure a buyer - had also suffered but other businesses in the group's stable, notably the highly successful Lexis-Nexis acquisition, had offset any pressures.

Consumer protection group loses third of staff in government cuts

ONE-THIRD of the staff at the National Consumer Council are to be made redundant following sweeping budget cuts imposed by the Government, writes Chris Barry.

Created to give disadvantaged and inarticulate consumers a voice in policy making, the NCC said last night the cuts would mean its work would suffer.

Referring to upheavals in financial services and the gas, water, telecoms and electricity markets, acting director John Ward said the cuts were "very damaging to a small organisation".

Price pressure

YESTERDAY'S poll of the high street by the Confederation of British Industry showed sales volumes in July at the second-highest level for five-and-a-half years, and only slightly down on June's even bigger haul.

Both retailers and consumers appear to be benefiting. Brick trade is helping shops to reduce the ratio of their stocks to demand, and so beginning to feed through to wholesalers, which enjoyed a

Facia fraud investigators move in on five addresses

SERIOUS Fraud Office personnel yesterday raided premises connected with the crashed Facia group, one-time owner of stores including Freeman Hardy Willis, Contessa and Sock Shop. The agency is seeking evidence of criminal activity within the failed company.

Addresses in Yorkshire and central London were searched by SFO officers working with South Yorkshire Police fraud squad. Warrants were executed at five premises, but no arrests were made.

Illustration of a man at a computer with text: 'SUDDEPLY WE'RE DISADVANTAGED AND VULNERABLE' and 'NATIONAL CONSUMER COUNCIL'

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